National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

DESPOTISM AND ESPIONAGE IN THE SOUTH.

From The Independent.

WE are continually receiving information through private sources from different parts of the South, which we shall from time to time publish, showing the fearful state of things now prevailing in all the Southern States, growing out of the popular excitement against the North and against Liberty. A Reign of Terror is prevailing. The despotism of Russia does not parallel the despotism of South Carolina. A stranger with a passport can freely travel in any part of the Czar's dominions; but no passport will guarantee safety to a Northern traveller between Richmond and New Orleans. It is no longer necessary that a man should speak against slavery to warrant his expulsion from a slave State. It is enough if he has simply been in the North, or sends his children to a Northern school, or buys his goods in New York or Boston. In almost every city, town and village south of the border slaveholding States, vigilance committees have been appointed, to put to inquisition every Northern man who makes his appearance in the place, whether as foe or friend. Even harmless young women, who have gone from Northern boarding-schools to be teachers of Southern children, have been waited upon by respectable and even clerical gentlemen, with the polite hint that the sooner they leave the State, the better for their safety. Our correspondents inform us that it is impossible to convey by description an adequate idea of the public sentiment in the extreme Southern States. The bitterness against the North is unparalleled. The common topic of talk is disunion, and the common threat of vengeance is to hang the Abolitionists. An Abolitionist, with the masses of the Southern people, is any man who does not live in a slaveholding State. If this definition were true, and the sentiment of the North were so unanimous in favor of freedom, the institution of slavery could not exist for half a year in the face of such an enlightened public opinion. We trust that the time may soon come when this shall be the strong and generous sentiment of all the free States. Such a sentiment would be a moral power for the overthrow of slavery, without violence or blood. The conduct of the South is exciting everywhere throughout the North a more intelligent, earnest and conscientious anti-slavery feeling. The frenzy of the Southern leaders, and of the Southern masses who follow and urge on their leaders, is only working the destruction of the system which they are seeking to defend. The [illegible] of God was never more visible in human affairs than in the present state of the nation. We believe that the present excitement, while it will have the incidental evils common to all excitements, will in the end produce great good in the cause of the freedom of the enslaved.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF CITIZENS.

We prefix to the array of facts which our correspondents have furnished us the following brief but significant article from the Constitution of the United States, on the rights of citizens:

"The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

The following incidents and statements will afford a commentary!

AN IRISHMAN'S SUFFERINGS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Northern newspapers have recently republished a brief paragraph from *The Charleston Mercury*, announcing, in a very nonchalant style, that a workman engaged in the State House, in Columbia, S. C., was recently seized by a mob on account, as was alleged, of holding anti-slavery opinions, and that he received twenty-nine lashes, and was tarred and feathered, and escorted out of the State!

It took a very few lines to tell this story, according to the style of the Southern press; for it is a trait of Southern chivalry, first to practise cruelty, and then to suppress the facts.

We have seen this unfortunate man, and heard his story, and looked at his wounds. His name is James Power. He is an intelligent young man, about twenty-three years of age, a native of Wexford, Ireland, and a stone-cutter by trade. He went from Philadelphia to the South, and obtained employment in Columbia, where he had worked for nine months.

The only opinion he ever expressed against slavery was that it caused a white laborer in the South to be looked upon as an inferior and degraded man. But this was enough! The remark was reported to the Vigilance Committee (composed of twelve members), who immediately ordered the police to arrest him. He was seized two miles away from town, in attempting to escape. He was brought back, and put in a cell, where he remained for three days, during which time he was denied the use of pen and ink, and all communication with his friends outside.

At length he was taken before the Mayor. Four persons appeared and bore testimony to the remark which he had made. The evidence was conclusive. He was returned to prison, and kept locked up for six days. During this time, he was allowed only two scanty meals a day, and the food was carried to him by a negro. He was then taken out of jail in the custody of two marshals, who said to him,

"You are so fond of niggers that we are going to give you a nigger escort."

He was led through the main street amid a great crowd, hooting and yelling, the marshals compelling two negroes to drag him through the puddles and muddy places of the street, and of the State-House yard! As he was taken past the State-House, three members of the Legislature, including the Speaker, stood looking on and laughing! The crowd gradually increased until it numbered several thousand persons, headed by a troop of horse.

After a march of three miles out of the city, to a place called "the Junction," the procession was stopped, and preparations were made for punishment. The populace cried "Brand him!" "Burn him!" "Spike him to death!" and made threats against his life by pointing pistols at his head, and flourishing sticks in his face.

The Vigilance Committee ordered him to strip himself naked, and forced a negro to assist in taking off the clothes. A cowhide was then put into the negro's hands, who was ordered to lay on thirty-nine lashes (not twenty-nine, as reported), and to draw blood with every stroke. Our informant describes the pain of this infliction as exceeding in severity anything which he ever suffered before. His back and lower limbs are still covered with the scars of the wounds!

A bucket of tar was then brought, and two negroes were ordered to rub it upon his bleeding skin, and to cover him from head to waist. His hair and eye-brows were clotted with the tar. After this part of the ceremony was concluded, he was covered with feathers. His pantaloons were then drawn up to his waist, but he was not allowed to put on his shirt or coat. He was conducted in this exposed condition, amid the shouts of the populace, to the railroad train, and was put on board the negroes' car. The engineer blew a continuous blast on his whistle to signalize the performance.

A citizen of Charleston on the train, who saw the poor fellow's unhappy condition, stepped into a neighboring hotel, before the starting of the cars, and brought a cup of coffee and some biscuits to relieve the sufferer's faintness. It was a timely gift, and gratefully received. But the Southern chivalry gathered around the Southern gentleman, and threatened him with summary vengeance if he repeated his generosity. The exasperated crowd detained the train, and called for more tar and feathers, for a further infliction upon their bleeding victim. More tar was brought, but more feathers could not be found; and after fresh tar was applied, cotton was stuck upon it instead!

When the train started for Charleston, the mob bade him good-bye, and told him that when he reached this city he would receive 130 lashes! At every station between Columbia and Charleston, the engineer blew a prolonged whistle, and gathered a mob to add fresh insults to the wounded man. At length, on arriving, he was met by the police, conveyed to prison, and detained in his cell for an entire week. Here he received, for the first time, soap and water to wash off the tar, and oil to soften his sores. A mob several times threatened to break into the prison to carry him out into the street, and make a public spectacle of him a second time. But he was kept closely confined. A physician called to see him, to examine his wounds, who told him that his case was a mild one, comparing it with that of a man who was then lying in the City Hospital from the effects of 500 lashes, which had almost put an end to his life!

On Saturday morning last, at seven o'clock, the poor workman was taken from prison, and conducted quietly on board the steamer for New York. He arrived in this city on Monday last, where he is still staying, recovering from the effects of his ill-treatment, and looking for work, which we hope he may find.

We have only one comment to make on this case. This man informed us that, in common with the great mass of Irishmen in this country, he had always voted with the Democratic party. He had long known in Philadelphia that the Democratic party upheld slavery, but he never learned, until he went to South Carolina, that slavery crushed the white laborer, and that the Democratic party, in upholding slavery, is therefore the enemy of Irishmen, who are a nation of laborers. In the Southern States, work is looked upon as dishonorable, and workmen as degraded. This is what an Irish stonecutter learned while cutting stone in South Carolina. We hope the lesson of his experience may reach the ears of his countrymen!

A NINE YEARS' RESIDENT DRIVEN AWAY FROM ALABAMA.

We have authentic information that a gentleman, who has resided for nine years in Alabama and Georgia, was driven away from home a few days ago, and forced to take a hurried passage to the North, leaving behind him his wife and children, and a thriving business which must now go to wreck. What was his crime. He had not only never spoken against slavery, but always in favor of it. He honestly held Southern sentiments, and was always ready to avow them, although he never could persuade himself to own a slave. His profession was that of a teacher of vocal and instrumental music. A fortnight ago a book agent was arrested in a town in Alabama for soliciting subscribers to "Fleetwood's Life of Christ," published by a Northern publisher. The Methodist Conference was in session at the time, and the case was noticed on the floor of that body. The members advocated the unfortunate agent's immediate expulsion from the place, on the ground that his continued presence would be dangerous to the existence of Southern institutions! A paper was drawn up, adopted and published in the newspapers, setting forth the grounds of their action substantially as follows:

"We have examined this man's case. We find no evidence to convict him of tampering with slaves; but as he is from the North, and engaged in selling a book published in the North, we have a right to suspect him as being an Abolitionist, and we therefore recommend, in order to guard ourselves against possible danger, that he be immediately conducted by the military out of this county into the next adjoining."

Accordingly the militia were called, and the poor book-pedler was summoned to receive military honors. But this was not all. The musician of whom we have spoken, a nine years' resident, whom nobody ever suspected of being an Abolitionist, was called upon to ride at the head of the procession, *and play the flute!* He immediately declined, and took occasion to express his opinion that the agent had done nothing worthy of his expulsion. The procession accordingly marched without the flute-player. In the evening, greatly to his surprise, he received an anonymous letter (whose source, however, he could not fail to detect) commanding him, under penalty of tar and feathers, to leave the State immediately. He knew the people too well not to be wise enough to take the hint. His wife, who was a Southern lady and had never been in the North, was thrown into great grief on reading the letter, but advised her husband to leave before daylight, as she feared for his safety if he remained longer. So at three o'clock in the morning he saddled his horse, and, taking with him what clothes he could put in his saddle-bags, galloped away—an exile from home and friends! He has since reached a Northern city, and is now making arrangements to bring his family to a place where they can breathe freer air!

TWO HEADS HALF-SHAVEN.

The steamer Huntsville, which arrived in New York from Savannah, on Monday, December 19th, brought several passengers who had been driven away from different parts of the South. Among them were *two gentlemen whose heads were shaved on one side!* They had been exiled from the chivalrous State of South Carolina! One of the victims avowed his determination speedily to return to execute vengeance on his maltreaters.

SIX SALESMEN SENT BACK TO NEW YORK.

A large and well-known business house in this city (who carry on a large trade with the South in the two articles of liquors and Union-saving) were greatly surprised to find that their great zeal in getting up the recent Union meeting had profited them nothing among their Southern customers. Six of their salesmen and agents were summarily forced to leave the South, and recently returned to their employers. Perhaps the firm will think twice before they sign a call for another meeting at the Academy of Music.

HOW TWO ORGAN-GRINDERS WERE TARRED AND FEATHERED.

We have private intelligence from a friend in Alabama of a case of tar-and-feathering which is both serious and comical. Two Italian organ-grinders, who could scarcely speak a word of English, made their way from Mobile into the interior of the State, to earn a livelihood by itinerating with their poor tunes. After playing in a bar-room in a small town, and gathering all the pennies which Southern generosity was likely to bestow upon such entertainment, they asked to be directed to the next town. Whereupon, a wag took a piece of paper, and, under pretence of writing down the necessary direction, gave the poor men a fatal letter somewhat as follows:

"To the Knowing Ones:

"Pass my Italian friends. All right. Mum's the word. (Signed) John Brown of Osawatomie."

The music-pedlers, on reaching the next town, faint and weary with the weight of their organs on their backs, went immediately to a tavern, and unwittingly presented their letter of recommendation! They were at once taken by the whiskey-drinkers, stripped, threatened until they were terrified out of their wits, tarred and feathered, and ridden out of town on a rail! Such is Southern chivalry!

"A HOME-SPUN PARTY."

Some time ago, Mrs. B——, a fashionable lady of Richmond, invited her aristocratic friends to her splendid parlors for a "Home-spun Party." And what was the Home-spun Party? Why, it was a fancy-dress gathering, at which no one could be admitted who did not come *dressed entirely in articles of Southern manufacture!* The fine ladies of Richmond accordingly were compelled to take in their crinoline, to antiquate their bonnets, to keep their lily-white hands bare of gloves, to do away with silks and satins, and to dress in homely gray and brown. When the visitors arrived, the dresses were closely scrutinized, and congratulations were expressed that the North had been at last outwitted, when, to the general surprise and regret of the best society of Richmond, it was found that most of the ladies had trimmed their frocks with obnoxious ribbons and gimps which had come from importers in New York!

One thing, therefore, may be considered settled: That the Union will not be dissolved until Southern ladies are willing to come forward and take the initiatory step by boldly sacrificing their ribbons and gimps, and taking upon themselves the self-denial of wearing dresses without trimmings!

THE INDEPENDENT OUTLAWED.

A correspondent in Texas, who has for years received *The Independent*, has written to us to stop it, as the continued sending *might cost him his business and possibly his neck.* No Northern publications but *The New York Herald* and the Nassau street Tracts are now considered safe reading on the other side of the line.

TWO YOUNG LADIES DRIVEN OUT OF RICHMOND.

Two intelligent young ladies, formerly well-known in the choirs of churches in Boston and Hartford, went to Richmond in September last with a view of establishing a private school. They soon gained the confidence of many friends, and succeeded in starting an enterprise which gave fair prospect of speedily prospering. As soon as the recent excitement began, they were waited upon by some very respectable gentlemen, who informed them that Northern schoolmistresses, however amiable and competent, were not the proper persons to teach the children of Southern parents and guardians! The ladies were forced immediately to break up their school. Wishing, on account of their health, to remain in a Southern climate, and hearing of a vacancy in a school in another city in Virginia, they made application and presented their letters. They received a reply from a clergyman, who wrote to them as follows:

"The Board of Trustees met yesterday, and passed upon the various applications, yours among the rest. I deeply regret to say that although your recommendations were altogether the most favorable, your proposal was immediately rejected as soon as the fact became known that you were both from the North. The feeling is so strong, and the foolish excitement has run so high, on the subject of Northern people, that the community here seem almost blind; and if they continue in their present policy, they will lay themselves open to severe criticism, if not to censure."

Accordingly, the ladies being compelled to leave Richmond, and unable to find a place for the soles of their feet anywhere else in Virginia, and knowing the uselessness of going farther south, took an early train to New York. One of them still remains in this city, where she is anxious to procure a situation as soprano singer in a choir, or as a teacher of music to private pupils. Any application sent to her through the office of *The Independent*, addressed "Richmond," will be immediately forwarded to her. The name of Mr. Horace Waters, music publisher, is among her references.

NARROWLY ESCAPED LYNCHING.

An Italian grocer, named John Ginochio, narrowly escaped being lynched by the citizens of Petersburg, Va., last Monday, for saying that John Brown was a good and very useful man, and, instead of being hung, he ought to have been made President of the United States.

A BLACKSMITH DRIVEN AWAY.

Benj. F. Winter, a blacksmith by trade, has been ordered to leave the town of Hamilton, Harris County, Ga., by a meeting of citizens, for avowing abolition and incendiary sentiments.

EXCLUSION OF FREE NEGROES FROM MISSISSIPPI.

The bill for excluding free negroes from the State of Mississippi passed the House on the 7th Dec., by a vote of 75 to 5. It provides that they shall leave the State on or before the 1st of July, 1860; or if they prefer to remain, that they shall be sold into slavery, with a right of choice of masters at a price assessed by three disinterested slaveholders, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the county in which the provisions of the bill may require to be executed.

PUSHED OFF A RAILROAD CAR.

A passenger on the Mississippi Central Railroad was pushed off the train while it was in full motion, for denouncing Gov. Wise and lauding John Brown.

TWO DAYS TO LEAVE THE STATE.

An Abolitionist in Clayton, Ala., was brought before a meeting of the citizens, whose sentence was to array him in tar and feathers and then ride him on a rail around the town. The resolution was carried into effect, and the Abolitionist was ordered to leave the State within two days.

A TRAP TO CATCH MR. GIDDINGS.

A correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, who has lately visited Richmond, writes from Mayfield, Ky., that while in Kentucky he learned of a deep laid scheme to capture J. R. Giddings, for the purpose of trying him for treason, etc., in view of his connection with the Harper's Ferry insurgents. This scheme is founded upon the reward offered recently, anonymously, for the bringing of his person to Virginia. This amount has been raised for this purpose, and the object will be to seize him and cross the line into Kentucky and Virginia immediately. The correspondent, who writes anonymously, says further: "I would have addressed Mr. Giddings directly, but do not know his post-office. I would advise him to be ever on his guard, and keep as far from the Ohio River as possible. I offer no apology for not giving my name, living as I do in the South."

A SCOTCHMAN TARRED, FEATHERED AND DUCKED.

A Scotchman, named Sandy Tate, having expressed himself rather too freely upon the slave question and Harper's Ferry affair in the village of Salisbury, North Carolina, was seized by a mob and tarred and feathered, after which he was placed upon a fence-rail and carried to a neighboring duck-pond, where, in the presence of an immense throng of people, he was ducked until he recanted. Upon being released, the poor fellow took to his heels and has never been seen since.

ARREST OF A WESLEYAN PREACHER IN NORTH CAROLINA

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

GREENSBORO', N. C., Dec. 26, 1859.

On Friday, the 23d inst., Daniel Worth, a Wesleyan Methodist preacher, a native of this State, but who has been residing until within two years past in Indiana, where he was formerly a member of the Legislature of that State, was arrested by the Sheriff of this county on a charge of selling and circulating Helper's "Impending Crisis," and also of uttering language in the pulpit calculated to make slaves and free negroes dissatisfied with their condition, thereby offending against the laws of the State. He was brought before the magistrates of the town and a partial hearing had, when the case was adjourned until the following afternoon at one o'clock, for the purpose of procuring the attendance of witnesses for the prosecution. The prisoner was taken to jail, bail having been refused by the magistrates.

On Saturday, at the appointed hour, the court met. The examination was held in the old Court-house, which was crowded.

The prisoner had no counsel, but managed his own case. Messrs. Scott, Dick and McLean, of the Greensborough bar, were engaged in the prosecution.

Over a dozen witnesses were examined, and it was conclusively proved that Worth had on many and various occasions uttered such sentiments in the pulpit against slavery as the State of North Carolina declared to be unlawful to be uttered. It was also proved by a witness that he (the witness) had purchased from Worth a copy of "Helper's Impending Crisis."

Worth acknowledged during the examination that he had been engaged in circulating Helper's book, and also a work on the "War in Kansas," but that he did not consider it any harm to circulate them; that at first he did not intend to admit having circulated the former, but that he wanted to make them, as a lawyer would, bring evidence to substantiate the charge.

During the examination various extracts were read from "Helper's Impending Crisis," some showing the *modus operandi* by which slavery was to be got rid of in the South, and others pretending to give facts, all of which were commented on by the various counsel for the State.

It was also proved that Worth had, in the pulpit, on the Sabbath day, applied the most opprobrious epithets to the legislators of the State of North Carolina, saying that the laws ought not to be obeyed; that "they were made by a set of drunkards, gamblers and whoremongers."

The prosecution was opened by Wm. Scott, Esq., who, in his remarks, eloquently described the inhuman tendency of the doctrines inculcated and taught in this work of Helper's, which this traitor to the State of his birth had been engaged in circulating. He read many extracts from the book, and showed how grossly perverted were the facts pretended to be therein set forth—that they were base lies and calumnies on the South.

Robert P. Dick, Esq., made some highly effective and stirring remarks; he was glad that this case of Worth's had come up here in old Guilford County—a county that had the reputation of being an abolition county; that a warrant had already been issued from Raleigh for this Daniel Worth, but that this was the best place for him to be tried, that the result of this examination might now go forth as a vindication from the foul aspersion cast upon it. He spoke of Helper as a traitor to the State that had once claimed him as a North Carolinian, adding that this man who sought, in his "Impending Crisis," to array the South against slavery, and bring about bloodshed and anarchy, and to desolate and lay waste the beautiful South, to dissolve the glorious Union, which had been given us by the wisdom of our forefathers, was obnoxious to the law under other criminal charges. He prayed and trusted that the Union would never be dissolved.

Robert McLean, Esq., took up the question at issue. The very doctrines that the prisoner had been disseminating in his remarks from the pulpit, and which were contained in "Helper's Impending Crisis," which book he had been proved to have circulated, were at utter variance with the laws of the State of North Carolina, and it was upon this charge that he was now undergoing his examination. He read several extracts from Helper's work, commenting on them in a clear, forcible and telling manner. His remarks on the ways and means of abolishing slavery, as set forth in the "Impending Crisis," were very sarcastically commented on, and were much applauded by the large audience present.

He read from the "Impending Crisis" the names of Cheever, Chapin and Bellows, of the clergy of the North, as being engaged in the advocacy of those principles which were to dismember this Republic and the name of the Rev. Daniel Worth as a Southern colaborer.

It was extremely difficult to restrain the applause during the delivery of the remarks of all the legal gentlemen who spoke—the Court frequently interfering and insisting upon order being observed.

Previous to the remarks of Robert McLean, Esq., the prisoner delivered his defence. He attempted to argue the evil of slavery, and to try and convince the Court that he was right in preaching against it. He was twice requested by the Court to stick to the point at issue; that they were not here to listen to a discussion on slavery, but to hear what he had to say in reply to the charges brought against him of violating the laws of North Carolina.

The prosecution requested the Court to let him go on.

The prisoner then continued his remarks at considerable length on abolition, until the Court told him that it had listened long enough to that strain, and desired him to speak as to the charges brought against him. The prisoner then spoke as to his course having been consistent with his calling as a preacher and as a man; that when he heard there was a warrant out for his arrest, he had started for this place to surrender himself; that in his preaching and practice he had only been doing what others in the State had long ago been doing unmolested; that he was a peace man and a Union man; that he sought not to dissever the Union; that he didn't endorse all the sentiments contained in Helper's work; that he had formerly been a magistrate in this county; that he had been living in Indiana many years, and came back to North Carolina about two years since, to benefit the health of an invalid wife; that that wife had died and he had married again, and had been engaged in preaching in several counties since; he was not conscious of having violated the laws of the State, either in his calling as a preacher or as a circulator of "Helper's Impending Crisis."

The Court ordered him to find bail in $5 000 for his appearance at the next term of court, and the same amount to keep the peace until that time. Bail for the first was offered, but up to the present time of writing the other bail has not been obtained. It is said that should the prisoner be released on the above bail, he will be taken before his Honor Judge Dick, who will refuse to take bail for him.

At the close of the examination, remarks were made by Ralph Gorrell, Esq., and Robert P. Dick, Esq., to the effect that the public mind was much excited by this examination, and that threats had been made as to a disposition of the prisoner; but that they would recommend the people to let the law take its course and not to do anything to militate against its authority, now that the prisoner was in its hands.

The Rev. Daniel Worth is a large, portly man, with a fine head, an intellectual and expressive countenance, and a large, commanding eye. He looks enough like Burton, the comedian, to be his twin brother. I couldn't help thinking of the Rev. Aminidab Sleek as I looked at the Rev. Daniel Worth. He is fluent in speech, and the general style and manner of his speaking are calculated to win attention. He did not appear to be at all embarrassed or frightened at his position; on the contrary, expressed his ideas and opinions with boldness and fearlessness. He complained to the Court of the unfitness of the jail for a prison, it being extremely cold weather and no fire in the building; he had passed one night there, and was fully competent to express an opinion on the subject.

Mr. Worth was a man raised in this county, is sixty-five years old, and emigrated to Indiana and Ohio, and no doubt to Kansas. He was in the Legislature of the first named State, acting as sub chairman in the Convention that nominated Fremont for President.

I was glad to see that mob law was not exercised on him; but there is no doubt that the punishment prescribed for this offence by the laws of North Carolina will be fully meted out to him, which he and all others deserve who engage in such hellish work.

This man has been an eyesore to this community for eighteen months. Nothing but good feelings for the respectable family who bear his name has prevented him from incurring the same fate months ago. A clean sweep may now be expected by all who advocate such vile doctrines as those disseminated. Any man who is found with a volume of the "Impending Crisis," or the sequel to it, will be held strictly accountable how he came by it. I am fully satisfied that if the course is persisted in which has already been attempted by our Northern Abolitionists, the North will suffer much in her trade with the Southern States, to say nothing of the political consequences attending it. It is as well to state that the punishment for the first offence of this kind under the statute laws of North Carolina is thirty-nine lashes; for the second, it is death, as meted out to John Brown and his fellow-associates at Harper's Ferry.

ANOTHER VIRGINIA OUTRAGE.

Correspondence of the Albany Journal.

MEXICO, Oswego Co., Dec. 23, 1859.

I said to you in one of my last that the "Irrepressible Conflict" was going on here, and by and by it will come. Let me here tell you a little of the beginning of the end. Deacon Reuben Salesbury, formerly of Sandy Creek, in this county, one of the best and most inoffensive men in the county, purchased a farm in Virginia some ten years ago and moved there. At a prayer-meeting which he attended soon after he got there, he prayed that masters would treat their slaves kindly. Next morning he was waited upon by some of his kind neighbors, and informed that he must not pray in that manner in Virginia.

Soon after John Brown took the State of Virginia and the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, with the consent of Secretary Floyd, Deacon Salesbury was found with an Albany *Weekly Journal* in his pocket, sent to him by his brother from this county. That was proof enough that he was one of John Brown's men, as high as a colonel or captain. He was waited on by fourteen armed men, and marched to jail. They had unmistakable evidence in his pocket (any of you or I could have testified against him). He was finally ordered to leave the State;—and had a man by the name of George Washington, who formerly lived in that State, been alive, he too would have been ordered to leave with Deacon Salesbury. This week Deacon Salesbury has returned to this county to reside. His story will add from 500 to 1,000 votes next fall to our majority.

A PHILADELPHIA DRUMMER MENACED.

The Griffin (Geo.) *Democrat* says: "A drummer from the house of H. Bancroft & Co., Philadelphia, by the name of Gonnally, insulted a gentleman connected with one of our business houses, a few days since, by the use of language not altogether understood, but, interpreted, meant opposition to slavery. The drummer, finding he had picked up the wrong customer, made an apology satisfactory to the injured party, and thereby escaped a severe flagellation, which he, no doubt, deserved. Some of these drummers have the impudence of Old Nick. It will do no harm to watch them all. Our motto, when one of them insults a Southern man, upon Southern soil, is to show him no mercy, under any circumstances, until he learns to treat with respect the rights and property of those he seeks to make money out of by a regular system of espionage in divers ways. For ourselves, we are sick and tired of submission in such cases. One or two examples of the right kind would produce a radical change in a short time. The 'Q. V. X. Q.s' should be on the look out. They may have some fun."

EXPULSION OF TWO MECHANICS.

The Lafayette (Ia.) *Journal* has the following incident: Two well-known citizens of Lafayette, Freeman Patt and Henry Frounfelter, were driven out of Louisiana, a few days ago, on suspicion of entertaining abolition sentiments. The two were brickmasons, and had gone there to build a sugar-house for a planter living sixty miles from New Orleans. After having worked about two weeks, they were waited upon by the planter and informed that their services were no longer required. They inquired the cause of dismissal, but received no satisfaction, further than a request to leave as soon as possible. It being near evening, and the steamboat landing about five miles from the plantation, they requested the privilege of remaining until morning, which was refused. They then proceeded to the landing, escorted by a number of persons armed to the teeth, who waited until a boat came along, when they were hurried on board and admonished to leave the State, and not return. The hint was taken, and the two gentlemen arrived here on Wednesday night, thoroughly disgusted with life at the South.

TREASONABLE LINEN.

We have seen a private correspondence from a Northern gentleman now travelling in the Southern States, which states that a very worthy and quiet mechanic from New England was driven away from a village in Georgia, because his valise contained a clean shirt, wrapped up in a copy of the New York *Sun*, containing Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on the Harper's Ferry affair. Whether the Georgians objected to the clean shirt or the paper is not stated; but as the *Sun* is in the interest of the pro-slavery Democracy, we presume the shirt was the occasion of their anger. The test of party affiliation appears to be the same at the South as at the North—clean linen being *prima facie* evidence of Republicanism, and the contrary of Democracy.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.*

THREATENED EXPULSION OF REV. JOHN G. FEE.

The Rev. J. G. Fee is a native of Kentucky, who, like Cassius M. Clay and others, is opposed to slavery. He preaches against it and writes against it, and is determined to remove the curse, if he can, from the State. This has given offence to the slave-owners, and at a meeting held in Madison County, on the 17th, they resolved to eject Mr. Fee and those who think with him from the precincts. They said:

"That we may in the future, as in the past, sleep in security, with unbolted doors, it is resolved:

"First: That a committee of thirty-eight discreet, sensible men, such as the whole community may confide in, be appointed to remove from amongst us J. G. Fee, J. A. R. Rogers, and so many of their associates as, in their best judgment, the peace and safety of society may require, and to this end all good men in this community will lend them support and assistance to the utmost.

"Second: That, in discharging this duty, they are instructed to act deliberately, humanely as may be, but firmly and most effectually.

"In the meantime the Legislature now in session shall be petitioned to enact such laws as will give us complete security; to effect which, *if possible*, they are instructed to send a deputation to Frankfort to ask Executive recommendation and legislative action.

"Third: It is resolved, further, that the true policy of Kentucky is to bind together the domestic tie between slaves and their owners, and to this end they should not only worship the same God, but at the same altars, and that separate negro preachings and ignorant negro preachers should be suppressed by law."

We (*Evening Post*) have had no report yet of the doings of this committee, but we are pretty sure that if they include Cassius M. Clay in their writ of ejectment, they will have some trouble in its execution.

Mr. Fee has addressed the following letter to the people of the county:

To the Citizens of Madison County, Kentucky.

I see, by an article from the *Lexington Observer*, that a meeting has been held in your county, which has recommended another meeting for the 17th inst., to consider the propriety of removing John G. Fee, Bro. Rogers and others associated.

For this removal, the first reason given is the assertion that our "association is of incendiary character," and the *Observer* adds that I am "an Abolitionist of the John Brown stripe," and refers to addresses recently made by me at the North. In all these addresses, when allusion was made to John Brown, and speaking of our wants in spreading a gospel of impartial love, I have said, "We need more John Browns—not in the MANNER OF HIS ACTION, BUT IN HIS SPIRIT OF CONSECRATION—men who would go not to entice away a few slaves, for that would not remove the difficulty—men who would go not with carnal weapons, but with the 'sword of the Spirit,' the Bible; and who in love would appeal to slaveholders and non-slaveholders—to be ready, if needs be, to give up property and life." I said, if Christians and philanthropists would go in this manner, ready to make sacrifice to the extent that John Brown did, slavery could not stand the moral shock one year. We seek the overthrow of slavery because we believe it is morally wrong, and contrary to the best interests of all; of this you have had evidence for years. You know that we have been willing to take and endure insult and abuse rather than avenge injury. We thought this Christ-like, and the best way to effect moral reform.

The next point assumed is that our association or principles are at war with the best interests of the community. About this there is a difference of opinion. We claim that they are for the highest good of society; that Christ taught them; that Franklin through his life, and Washington in his death, acted upon them; and that the prosperity of the free States of this Union demonstrates their excellence. If we have violated the law of God or man, we refuse not to come before the proper tribunals.

If we simply have an opinion and a corresponding practice, and yet not illegal, differing from yours, and you move us for this, then you set a precedent that may move you in like manner. This we wish to avert from our families and from yours; we wish to remove the disturbing element by means moral and legitimate. We are willing to endure privations and toil in your midst, that we may accomplish this end.

The next point assumed is th[illegible]sitions are destructive to all organized society [illegible]at our positions are those of the Bible, those assumed by the framers of our Declaration of Independence, and that no society can be well organized except on the law of nature and the law of God. But let us not bandy words. If we have violated righteous laws, we refuse not to pay the penalty legally.

We send this circular not by way of apology, but of further explanation. Newspaper reports must, of necessity, be meagre; we ask you to waive action for further investigation. No interest can suffer from an elucidation of truth. Take time for a full report of our words and sentiments, and we refuse not to meet them in a lawful manner.

That we have agitated the subject of slavery, we are free to confess. That is our constitutional privilege, and, as we believe, our religious duty. If slavery be right, it will abide the test; if not, it is for the highest interests of all that it should pass away, by means that are at once legitimate and righteous.

I address you by circular, because this can go quicker and spread faster than we can. JOHN G. FEE.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 14, 1859.

SOUTHERN TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MRS. MASON AND MRS. CHILD.

Letter from Mrs. Mason of Virginia to L. Maria Child.

ALTO, King George's Co., Va., Nov. 11, 1859.

Do you read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there "Woe unto you, hypocrites," and take to yourself with two-fold damnation that terrible sentence; for, rest assured, in the day of judgment it shall be more tolerable for those thus scathed by the awful denunciation of the Son of God than for you. *You* would soothe with sisterly and motherly care the hoary-headed murderer of Harper's Ferry! A man whose aim and intention was to incite the horrors of a servile war—to condemn women of your own race, ere death closed their eyes on their sufferings from violence and outrage, to see their husbands and fathers murdered, their children butchered, the ground strewed with the brains of their babes. The antecedents of Brown's band prove them to have been the off-scouring of the earth; and what would have been our fate had they found as many sympathizers in Virginia as they seem to have in Massachusetts?

Now, compare yourself with those your "sympathy" would devote to such ruthless ruin, and say, on that "word of honor, which never has been broken," would you stand by the bedside of an old negro, dying of a hopeless disease, to alleviate his sufferings as far as human aid could? Have *you* ever watched the last, lingering illness of a consumptive, to soothe, as far as in you lay, the inevitable fate? Do you soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give? Do you grieve with those *near* you, even though their sorrows resulted from their own misconduct? Did *you* ever sit up until the "wee hours" to complete a dress for a motherless child, that she might appear on Christmas day in a new one, along with her more fortunate companions? *We* do these and more for our servants, and why? Because we endeavor *to do our duty in that state of life it has pleased God to place us.* In His revealed word we read our duties to them—theirs to us are there also—"Not only to the good and gentle, but to the froward" (Peter ii: 18). Go thou and do likewise, and keep away from Charlestown. If the stories read in the public prints be true, of the sufferings of the poor of the North, you need not go far for objects of charity. "Thou hypocrite! take first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy neighbor's." But if, indeed, you do lack objects of sympathy near you, go to Jefferson County, to the family of George Turner, a noble, true-hearted man, whose devotion to his friend (Col. Washington) causing him to risk his life, was shot down like a dog. Or to that of old Beckham, whose grief at the murder of his negro subordinate made him needlessly expose himself to the aim of the assassin Brown. And when you can equal, in deeds of love and charity to those *around* you, what is shown by nine-tenths of the Virginia plantations, then by your "sympathy" whet the knives for our throats and kindle the torch that fires our homes. *You* reverence Brown for his clemency to his prisoners! Prisoners! and how taken? Unsuspecting workmen, going to their daily duties; unarmed gentlemen, taken from their beds at the dead hour of the night, by six men doubly and trebly armed. Suppose he had hurt a hair of their heads, do you think one of the band of desperadoes would have left the engine-house alive? And did not he know that his treatment of them was his only hope of life then, or of clemency afterward? Of course he did. The United States troops could not have prevented him from being torn limb from limb.

I will add, in conclusion, no Southerner ought, after your letter to Gov. Wise and to Brown, to read a line of your composition, or to touch a magazine which bears your name in its list of contributors; and in this we hope for the "sympathy" at least of those at the North who deserve the name of woman. M. J. C. MASON.

Mrs. Child's Reply.

WAYLAND, Mass., Dec. 17, 1859.

Prolonged absence from home has prevented my answering your letter so soon as I intended. I have no disposition to retort upon you the "two fold damnation" to which you consign me. On the contrary, I sincerely wish you well, both in this world and the next. If the anathema proved a safety valve to your own boiling spirit, it did some good to you, while it fell harmless upon me. Fortunately for all of us, the Heavenly Father rules His universe by laws, which the passions or the prejudices of mortals have no power to change.

As for John Brown, his reputation may be safely trusted to the impartial pen of History; and his motives will be righteously judged by Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. Men, however great they may be, are of small consequence in comparison with principles; and the principle for which John Brown died is the question at issue between us.

You refer me to the Bible, from which you quote the favorite text of slaveholders:

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward."—1 Peter, ii: 18.

Abolitionists also have favorite texts, to some of which I would call your attention:

"Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them."—Heb., xiii: 3.

"Hide the outcasts. Bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee. Be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."—Isa., xvi: 3, 4.

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him."—Deut., xxiii: 15, 16.

"Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy."—Prov., xxxi: 8, 9.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sins."—Isa., lviii: 1.

I would especially commend to slaveholders the following portions of that volume wherein you say God has revealed the duty of masters:

"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in Heaven."—Col., iv: 1.

"Neither be ye called masters; for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt., xxiii: 8, 10.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—Matt., vii: 12.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."—Isa., lviii: 6.

"They have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink."—Joel, iii: 3.

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker."—Prov., xiv: 31.

"Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."—Prov., xxii: 22, 23.

"Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."—Jer., xxii: 13.

"Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands."—Eph., iv: 28.

"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness, which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless."—Isa., x: 1, 2.

"If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer Him?"—Job, xxxi: 13, 14.

"Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee; and darkness, that thou canst not see."—Job, xxii: 9, 10, 11.

"Behold the hire of your laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just."—James, v: 4.

If the appropriateness of these texts is not apparent, I will try to make it so, by evidence drawn entirely from *Southern* sources. The Abolitionists are not such an ignorant set of fanatics as you suppose. They *know* whereof they affirm. They are familiar with the laws of the slave States, which are alone sufficient to inspire abhorrence in any humane heart or reflecting mind not perverted by the prejudices of education and custom. I might fill many letters with significant extracts from your statute-books; but I have space only to glance at a few, which indicate the *leading* features of the system you cherish so tenaciously.

The universal rule of the slave States is that "the child follows the condition of its *mother*." This is an index to many things. Marriages between white and colored people are forbidden by law; yet a very large number of the slaves are brown or yellow. When Lafayette visited this cou[illegible] he said he was very much struck by th[illegible] colored population of Virginia; that in [illegible] revolution nearly all the household slaves were black; but when he returned to America, he found very few of them black. The advertisements in Southern newspapers often describe runaway slaves that "pass themselves for white men." Sometimes they are described as having "straight, light hair, blue eyes, and clear complexion." This could not be unless their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, had been white men. But as their *mothers* were slaves, the law pronounces *them* slaves, subject to be sold on the auction-block whenever the necessities or convenience of their masters or mistresses require it. The sale of one's own children, brothers, or sisters, has an ugly aspect to those who are unaccustomed to it; and, obviously, it cannot have a good moral influence that law and custom should render licentiousness a *profitable* vice.

Throughout the slave States, the testimony of no colored person, bond or free, can be received against a white man. You have some laws which, on the face of them, would seem to restrain inhuman men from murdering or mutilating slaves; but they are rendered nearly null by the law I have cited. Any drunken master, overseer or patrol, may go into the negro cabin and commit what outrage he pleases, with perfect impunity, if no white person is present who chooses to witness against him. North Carolina and Georgia leave a large loop-hole for escape, even if white persons are present, when murder is committed. A law to punish persons for "maliciously killing a slave" has this remarkable qualification: "Always provided that this act shall not extend to any slave dying of moderate correction." We at the North find it difficult to understand how *moderate* punishment can cause *death.* I have read several of your law-books attentively, and I find no cases of punishment for the murder of a slave, except by fines paid to the *owner*, to indemnify him for the loss of his *property;* the same as if his horse or cow had been killed. In the South Carolina Reports is a case where the State indicted Guy Raines for the murder of a slave named Isaac. It was proved that William Gray, the owner of Isaac, had given him a *thousand lashes.* The poor creature made his escape, but was caught, and delivered into the custody of Raines, to be carried to the county jail. Because he refused to go, Raines gave him five hundred lashes, and he died soon after. The counsel for Raines proposed that he should be allowed to acquit himself by his *own oath.* The Court decided against it, because *white witnesses* had testified; but the Court of Appeals afterwards decided that he *ought* to have been exculpated by his own oath, and he was *acquitted.* Small indeed is the chance for justice to a slave, when his own color are not allowed to testify, if they see him maimed or his children murdered; when he has slaveholders for Judges and Jurors; when the murderer can exculpate himself by his own oath; and when the law provides that it is no murder to kill a slave by "moderate correction."

Your laws uniformly declare that "a slave shall be deemed a chattel personal in the hands of his owner to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever." This, of course, involves the right to sell his children, as if they were pigs; also, to take his wife from him "for any intent or purpose whatsoever." Your laws also make it death for him to resist a white man, however brutally he may be treated, or however much his family may be outraged before his eyes. If he attempts to run away, your laws allow any man to shoot him.

By your laws, all a slave's earnings belong to the master. He can neither receive donations nor transmit property. If his master allows him some hours to work for himself, and by great energy and perseverance he earns enough to buy his own bones and sinews, his master may make him pay two or three times over, and he has no redress. Three such cases have come within my own knowledge. Even a written promise from his master has no legal value, because a slave can make no contracts.

Your laws also systematically aim at keeping the minds of the colored people in the most abject state of ignorance. If white people attempt to teach them to read or write, they are punished by imprisonment, or fines; if they attempt to teach each other, they are punished with from twenty to thirty-nine lashes each. It cannot be said that the anti-slavery agitation produced such laws, for they date much further back; many of them when we were Provinces. They are the *necessities* of the system, which, being itself an outrage upon human nature, can be sustained only by perpetual outrages.

The next reliable source of information is the advertisements in Southern newspapers. In the North Carolina (Raleigh) *Standard*, Mr. Micajah Ricks advertises, "Run away a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M." In the Natchez *Courier*, Mr. J. P. Ashford advertises a runaway negro girl, with "a good many teeth missing, and the letter A branded on her cheek and forehead." In the Lexington *Observer* (Ky.), Mr. William Overstreet advertises a runaway negro with "his left eye out, scars from a dirk on his left arm, and much scarred with the whip." I might quote from hundreds of such advertisements, offering rewards for runaways, "dead or alive," and describing them with "ears cut off," "jaws broken," "scarred by rifle-balls," &c.

Another source of information is afforded by your "Fugitives from Injustice," with many of whom I have conversed freely. I have seen scars of the whip and marks of the branding-iron, and I have listened to their heart-breaking sobs, while they told of "piccaninnies" torn from their arms and sold.

Another source of information is furnished by emancipated slaveholders. Sarah M. Grimké, daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, testifies as follows: "As I left my native State on account of slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shriek of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this cannot be. They come over my memory like gory specters, and implore me, with resistless power, in the name of a God of mercy, in the name of a crucified Savior, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slaveholder, as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house." She proceeds to describe dreadful tragedies, the actors in which, she says, were "men and women of the first families of South Carolina"; and that their cruelties did not, in the slightest degree, affect their standing in society. Her sister, Angelina Grimké, declared: "While I live, and slavery lives, I *must* testify against it. Not merely for the sake of my poor brothers and sisters in bonds; for even were slavery no curse to its victims, the exercise of arbitrary power works such fearful ruin upon the hearts of slaveholders that I should feel impelled to labor and pray for its overthrow with my latest breath." Among the horrible barbarities she enumerates is the case of a girl, thirteen years old, who was flogged to death by her master. She says: "I asked a prominent lawyer, who belonged to one of the first families in the State, whether the murderer of this helpless child could not be indicted, and he coolly replied that the slave was Mr. ——'s property; and if he chose to suffer the *loss*, no one else had anything to do with it." She proceeds to say: "I felt there could be for me no rest in the midst of such outrages and pollutions. Yet I saw nothing of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the city, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was

garnished by refinement and decked out for show. It is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction that this is a cause worth dying for. I say so from what I have seen, and heard, and known, in a land of slavery, whereon rests the darkness of Egypt and the sin of Sodom." I once asked Miss Angelina if she thought Abolitionists exaggerated the horrors of slavery. She replied, with earnest emphasis: "They *cannot* be exaggerated. It is impossible for imagination to go beyond the facts." To a lady who observed that the time had not yet come for agitating the subject, she answered: "I apprehend if thou wert a *slave*, toiling in the fields of Carolina, thou wouldst think the time had *fully* come."

Mr. Thome, of Kentucky, in the course of his eloquent lectures on this subject, said: "I breathed my first breath in an atmosphere of slavery. But though I am heir to a slave inheritance, I am bold to denounce the whole system as an outrage, a complication of crimes, and wrongs, and cruelties, that make angels weep."

"Mr. Allen, of Alabama, in a discussion with the students at Lane Seminary, in 1834, told of a slave who was tied up and beaten all day with a paddle full of holes. At night, his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. The punishment was inflicted within hearing of the Academy and the Public Green. But no one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done. At our house, it is so common to hear screams from a neighboring plantation that we think nothing of it. Lest any one should think that the slaves are *generally* well-treated, and that the cases I have mentioned are exceptions, let me be distinctly understood that cruelty is the *rule*, and kindness is the exception."

In the same discussion, a student from Virginia, after relating cases of great cruelty, said: "Such things are common all over Virginia; at least, so far as I am acquainted. But the planters generally avoid punishing their slaves before *strangers*."

Miss Mattie Griffith, of Kentucky, whose entire property consisted of slaves, emancipated them all. The noble-hearted girl wrote to me: "I shall go forth into the world penniless; but I shall work with a light heart, and, best of all, I shall live with an easy conscience." Previous to this generous resolution, she had never read any abolition document, and entertained the common Southern prejudice against them. But her own observation so deeply impressed her with the enormities of slavery that she was impelled to publish a book, called "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." I read it with thrilling interest; but some of the scenes made my nerves quiver so painfully that I told her I hoped they were too highly colored. She shook her head sadly, and replied: "I am sorry to say that every incident in the book has come within my own knowledge."

St. Geo. Tucker, Judge and Professor of Law in Virginia, speaking of the legalized murder of runaways, said: "Such are the cruelties to which a state of slavery gives birth—such the horrors to which the human mind is capable of being reconciled by its adoption." Alluding to our struggle in '76, he said: "While we proclaimed our resolution to live free or die, we imposed on our fellow-men, of different complexion, a slavery ten thousand times worse than the utmost extremity of the oppressions of which we complained."

Gov. Giles, in a Message to the Legislature of Virginia, referring to the custom of selling free colored people into slavery, as a punishment for offences not capital, said: "Slavery must be admitted to be a *punishment of the highest order*; and, according to the just rule for the apportionment of punishment to crimes, it ought to be applied only to *crimes of the highest order*. The most distressing reflection in the application of this punishment to female offenders is that it extends to their offspring; and the innocent are thus punished with the guilty." Yet one hundred and twenty thousand innocent babes in this country are annually subjected to a punishment which your Governor declared ought to be applied only to crimes of the highest order.

Jefferson said: "One *day* of American slavery is worse than a *thousand years* of that which we rose in arms to oppose." Alluding to insurrections, he said: "The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest."

John Randolph declared: "Every planter is a sentinel at his own door. Every Southern mother, when she hears an alarm of fire in the night, instinctively presses her infant closer to her bosom."

Looking at the system of slavery in the light of all this evidence, do you candidly think we deserve "two-fold damnation" for detesting it? Can you not believe that we may hate the system, and yet be truly your friends? I make allowance for the excited state of your mind, and for the prejudices induced by education. I do not care to change your opinion of me; but I do wish you could be persuaded to examine this subject dispassionately, for the sake of the prosperity of Virginia, and the welfare of unborn generations, both white and colored. For thirty years, Abolitionists have been trying to reason with slaveholders, through the press and in the halls of Congress. Their efforts, though directed to the *masters only*, have been met with violence and abuse almost equal to that poured on the head of John Brown. Yet, surely, we, as a portion of the Union, involved in the expense, the degeneracy, the danger, and the disgrace, of this iniquitous and fatal system, have a *right* to speak about it, and a right to be *heard* also. At the North we willingly publish pro-slavery arguments, and only ask a fair field and no favor for the other side. But you will not even allow your own citizens a chance to examine this important subject. Your letter to me is published in Northern papers, as well as Southern; but my reply will not be allowed to appear in any Southern paper. The despotic measures you take to silence investigation, and shut out the light from your own white population, prove how little reliance you have on the strength of your cause. In this enlightened age, all despotisms *ought* to come to an end by the agency of moral and rational means. But if they resist such agencies, it is in the order of Providence that they *must* come to an end by violence. History is full of such lessons.

Would that the veil of prejudice could be removed from your eyes. If you would candidly examine the statements of Gov. Hincks of the British West Indies and of the Rev. Mr. Bleby, long time a missionary in those Islands, both before and after emancipation, you could not fail to be convinced that Cash is a more powerful incentive to labor than the Lash, and far safer also. One fact in relation to those Islands is very significant. While the working-people were slaves, it was always necessary to order out the military during the Christmas holidays; but, since emancipation, not a soldier is to be seen. A hundred John Browns might land there without exciting the slightest alarm.

To the personal questions you ask me, I will reply in the name of all the women of New England. It would be extremely difficult to find any woman in our villages who does *not* sew for the poor, and watch with the sick, whenever occasion requires. We pay our domestics generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please; a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a charity, after being deprived of just payment for their labor. I have never known an instance where the "pangs of maternity" did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies.

I readily believe what you state concerning the kindness of many Virginia matrons. It is creditable to their hearts; but, after all, the best that can be done in that way is a poor equivalent for the perpetual wrong done to the slaves, and the terrible liabilities to which they are always subject. Kind masters and mistresses among you are merely lucky accidents. If any one *chooses* to be a brutal despot, your laws and customs give him complete power to do so. And the lot of those slaves who have the kindest masters is exceedingly precarious. In case of death, or pecuniary difficulties, or marriages in the family, they may at any time be suddenly transferred from protection and indulgence to personal degradation, or extreme severity; and if they should try to escape from such sufferings, anybody is authorized to shoot them down like dogs.

With regard to your declaration that "no Southerner ought henceforth to read a line of my composition," I reply that I have great satisfaction in the consciousness of having nothing to lose in that quarter. Twenty-seven years ago, I published a book called "An Appeal in behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans." It influenced the minds of several young men, afterwards conspicuous in public life, through whose agency the cause was better served than it could have been by me. From that time to this, I have labored too earnestly for the slave to be agreeable to slaveholders. Literary popularity was never a paramount object with me, even in my youth; and, now that I am old, I am utterly indifferent to it. But, if I cared for the exclusion you threatened, I should at least have the consolation of being exiled with honorable company. Dr. Channing's writings, mild and candid as they are, breathe what you call arrant treason. Wm. C. Bryant, in his capacity of editor, is openly on our side. The inspired muse of Whittier has incessantly sounded the trumpet for moral warfare with your iniquitous institution; and his stirring tones have been answered, more or less loudly, by Pierpont, Lowell and Longfellow. Emerson, the Plato of America, leaves the scholastic seclusion he loves so well, and, disliking noise with all his poetic soul, bravely takes his stand among the trumpeters. Geo. W. Curtis, the brilliant writer, the eloquent lecturer, the elegant man of the world, lays the wealth of his talent on the altar of freedom, and makes common cause with rough-shod reformers.

The genius of Mrs. Stowe carried the outworks of your institution at one dash, and left the citadel open to besiegers, who are pouring in amain. In the Church, on the ultra-liberal side, it is assailed by the powerful battering-ram of Theodore Parker's eloquence. On the extreme orthodox side is set a huge fire, kindled by the burning words of Dr. Cheever. Between them is Henry Ward Beecher, sending a shower of keen arrows into your entrenchments; and with him ride a troop of sharp-shooters from all sects. If you turn to the literature of England or France, you will find your institution treated with as little favor. The fact is, the whole civilized world proclaims slavery an outlaw, and the best intellect of the age is active in hunting it down.

L. Maria Child.

VIRGINIA OPINIONS TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS SINCE.

From The National Era.

The Southampton insurrection occurred in August, 1831. It seems to have originated spontaneously among the negroes, at a time of profound peace, when no Northern or Southern Abolitionists "agitated" or threatened the repose of the South, or gave any advice to the blacks. It was the most extensive and bloody revolt which has yet taken place, and, like the Harper's Ferry affair, produced a profound state of alarm and excitement. The whole South flew to arms, and stood ready to defend society against the horrors of servile insurrection which their own fears created. All parties in the South pledged themselves to stand by the "institutions" of their country; and one would naturally infer that the tendency to emancipation was permanently checked.

But the result was quite different. The revolt of the slaves, in August, called forth the strongest expressions of opinion against slavery from both political parties in the ensuing Legislature which has ever yet been made. A strong emancipation party was formed. The magnitude of the movement will be better appreciated when we mention the fact that its organs were the most influential newspapers in the State, then and now, viz., the Richmond *Enquirer*, then edited by the late Thomas Ritchie, and the Richmond *Whig*, edited by John Hampden Pleasants.

A few brief extracts from the leading speeches made on the occasion will be sufficient to show that the speakers avowed radical anti-slavery sentiments. They denounced the institution of slavery, as not merely impolitic and dangerous, but wrong and cruel.

Mr. Moore, of Rockbridge, said:

"In the first place, I shall confine my remarks to such of those evils as affect the white population exclusively. And even in that point of view I think that slavery, as it exists among us, may be regarded as the heaviest calamity which has ever befallen any portion of the human race. If we look back through the long course of time which has elapsed since the creation to the present moment, we shall scarcely be able to point out a people whose situation was not, in many respects, preferable to our own, and that of the other States in which negro slavery exists. True, sir, we shall see nations which have groaned under the yoke of despotism for hundreds and thousands of years; but the individuals composing those nations have enjoyed a degree of happiness, peace and freedom from apprehension, which the holders of slaves in this country can never know."

How eloquent, and how true, is this passage! It embodies the most secret and inward thought of every Virginian at this moment. It follows them, waking and sleeping, like a spectre. They feel its portentous truth.

Mr. Rives, of Campbell, said:

"On the multiplied and desolating evils of slavery he was not disposed to say much. The curse and deteriorating consequences were within the observation and experience of the members of the House and the people of Virginia, and it did seem to him that there could not be two opinions about it."

Mr. Powell said:

"I can scarcely persuade myself that there is a solitary gentleman in this House who will not readily admit that slavery is an evil, and that its removal, if practicable, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. I have not heard, nor do I expect to hear, a voice raised in this Hall to the contrary. Sir, the gentleman from Buckingham, a few days ago, sketched to us, and sketched it too with a masterly hand, a picture of the withering and blighting effects of slavery. That picture is before this House, and I will not attempt to add to it a shade or another tint; I will not, sir, lest, instead of adding to its effect, I might, with a less skilful hand, diminish it. Sir, Virginia, the much-loved and venerated mother of us all, from being the first State in this great confederacy, is now the third, possibly the fourth; and her declining fortunes have long been the source of melancholy reflection to her patriotic sons. What, sir, is the cause of this decline? Whatever others may think, to my mind it is clear that the answer to this interrogatory is her slave population. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*"

Mr. Preston, of Jefferson, the county in which Harper's Ferry is situated, said:

"Sir, Mr. Jefferson, whose hand drew the preamble to the bill of rights, has eloquently remarked that we had invoked for ourselves the benefit of a principle which we had denied to others. He saw and felt that slaves, as men, were embraced within this principle."

Mr. Summers, of Kanawha, still a prominent citizen of Western Virginia, and a few years back the Whig candidate for Governor, said:

"But, sir, the evils of this system cannot be enumerated. It were unnecessary to attempt it. They glare upon us at every step. When the owner looks to his wasted estate, he knows and feels them. When the statesman examines the condition of his country, he finds her moral influence gone, her physical strength diminished, her physical power wasted; he sees and must confess them. * * * Sir, we should take courage from the goodness of the cause in which we are engaged. It is one on which Heaven will smile. We shall not be left unaided in our exertions. Slavery is a national calamity. Such it has been regarded by those who are entirely free from the evil. Nine of the non-slaveholding States have generously offered to the South the common treasury for the removal of the common evil. Such, too, was the purport of the resolutions submitted to the Senate of the United States by Rufus King, at the close of his long and useful public life."

Mr. Chandler, of Norfolk, said:

"But, sir, will this evil—this curse—not cease? Will not the life, liberty, prosperity, happiness and safety of those who may come after us be endangered in a still greater degree by it? How, then, can we reconcile it to ourselves to fasten this upon them? Do we not endanger the very national existence by entailing slavery upon them?"

Thomas J. Randolph, of Albemarle, a grandson of Mr. Jefferson, said:

"The gentleman has spoken of the increase of the female slaves being a part of the profit. It is admitted; but no great evil can be averted, no good attained, without some inconvenience. It may be questioned how far it is desirable to foster and encourage this branch of profit. It is a practice—an increasing practice in parts of Virginia—to rear slaves for market. How can an honorable mind, a patriot and a lover of his country, bear to see this ancient Dominion, rendered illustrious by the noble devotion and patriotism of her sons to the cause of liberty, converted into one grand menagerie, where men are to be reared for market like oxen in the shambles? Is it better, is it not worse than the slave trade—that trade which enlisted the labor of the good and the wise of every creed and every clime to abolish it? * * * The gentleman has appealed to the Christian religion in justification of slavery. I would ask him upon what part of those pure doctrines does he rely, to which of those sublime precepts does he advert to sustain his position? Is it that which teaches charity, justice and good will to all, or is it that which teaches that 'Ye do unto others as ye would they should do unto you?'"

Another representative from Jefferson and Harper's Ferry, Mr. Henry Berry, said:

"I believe that no cancer on the physical body was ever more certain, steady and fatal in its progress than is the cancer on the political body of the State of Virginia. It is eating into her very vitals. And shall we admit that the evil is past remedy? Shall we act the part of a puny patient, suffering under the ravages of a fatal disease, who would say the remedy is too painful, the dose too nauseous, I cannot bear it; who would close his eyes in despair, and give himself up to death? No, sir, I would bear the knife and the cautery for the sake of health."

Mr. Thomas Marshall, of Fauquier, in the same section of Virginia, said:

"Wherefore, then, object to slavery? Because it is ruinous to the whites—retards improvement, roots out an industrious population, banishes the yeomanry of the country, deprives the spinner, the weaver, the smith, the shoemaker, the carpenter, of employment and support."

Mr. James McDowell, of Rockbridge, since Governor of the State and a distinguished member of Congress, said:

"Sir, you may place the slave where you please—you may dry up, to your utmost, the fountains of his feelings, the springs of his thought—you may close upon his mind every avenue to knowledge, and cloud it over with artificial night—you may yoke him to your labor as an ox which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live—you may put him under any process, which, without destroying his value as a slave, will debase and crush him as a rational being—you may do this, and the idea that he was born to be free will survive it all. It is allied to his hope of immortality—it is the ethereal part of his nature, which oppression cannot reach—it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of the Deity, and never meant to be extinguished by the hand of man."

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more eloquent tribute to the God-given rights of man than this. The same speaker, in another part of the speech, gives the following prophetic warning to the South:

"If gentlemen do not see and feel the evil of slavery while this Federal Union lasts, they will see and feel it when it is gone; they will see and suffer it then in a magnitude of desolating power, to which 'pestilence that walketh at noonday' would be a blessing—to which the malaria which is now threatening extinction to the 'eternal city,' as the proud one of the pontiffs and Cæsars is called, would be as refreshing and as balmy as the breath of spring to the chamber of disease. * * * Was it the fear of Nat Turner and his deluded, drunken handful of fellows which produced, or could produce, such effects? Was it this that induced distant counties, where the very name of Southampton was strange, to arm and equip for a struggle? No, sir; it was the suspicion eternally attached to the slave himself—the suspicion that a Nat Turner might be in every family; that the same bloody deed could be acted over at any time, and in any place; that the materials for it were spread through the land, and always ready for a like explosion."

What Virginian will not at this moment acknowledge the terrible force of these words?

Mr. Philip A. Bolling, of Buckingham, said:

"There is a 'still small voice' which speaks to the heart of man in a tone too clear and distinct to be disregarded. It tells him that every system of slavery is based upon injustice and oppression. If gentlemen disregard it now, and lull their consciences to sleep, they may be aroused to a sense of their danger when it is too late to repair their errors.

"However the employment of slave labor might be defended, gentlemen would not, could not, justify the traffic in human beings. * * * How many a broken heart, how many a Rachel mourns because her house is left unto her desolate! The time has come when these feelings could not be suppressed; the day would come when they could not be resisted."

Mr. Broadnax, of Dinwiddie, said:

"That slavery in Virginia is an evil, it would be idle and more than idle for any human being to doubt or deny. It is a mildew which has blighted in its course every region it has touched, from the creation of the world."

The Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, who also resides in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, made a long, eloquent and radically abolition speech. We have only room for a few brief extracts. It will be seen that, like all the representatives from that region, he was, perhaps all unconsciously, prophetic. He said:

"Again, sir, I ask, what new light has dawned upon the gentleman from Mecklenburg (the late William O. Goode) that we should be called upon to retrace our course, and to disappoint the hopes which our first manly decision gave? Does not the same evil exist? Is it not increasing? Does not every day give it permanency and force? Is it not rising like a heavy and portentous cloud above the horizon, extending its deep and sable volumes athwart the sky, and gathering in its impenetrable folds the active materials of elemental war? And yet, shall we be requested to close our eyes to the danger, and, without an effort—without even an inquiry—to yield to the impulses of a dark and withering despair? Sir, is this manly legislation? Is it correct—is it honest—legislation? Is it acting with that fidelity to our constituents which their sacred interest requires?"

We regret to say that Mr. Faulkner did the thing he denounced. He closed his eyes, thinking thereby to escape the impending storm, and for twenty odd years has withheld the honest legislation which he insisted upon in 1832. It is to be hoped that the scare given him and the whole South by the mad prank of Old Brown may serve to awaken him to a sense of duty. We quote a few more sentences, to show the spirit of the above prophetic warnings. He said:

"Sir, tax our lands, vilify our country, carry the sword of extermination through our defenceless villages; but spare us, I implore you, spare us the curse of slavery, that bitterest drop from the chalice of the destroying angel."

He insisted that society in self-defence had a right to abolish slavery, even without compensation to the masters. But we must conclude our extracts with the following passage, which he emphatically adopts from Mr. Jefferson:

"You must approach it—you must bear it—you must adopt some plan of emancipation, or worse will follow."

Such was the sentiment prevalent among the enlightened minds of Virginia twenty-seven years ago. Who will have the courage to break the long silence of the public conscience? We should have hopes of Governor Wise but for his vain expectation of a Presidential nomination. Perhaps the great work is left for younger men, whose minds are less sophisticated by following the crooked policy of the old and corrupt parties of the day.

Parker Pillsbury, in a recent lecture at Concord, N. H., said that he had been told by a Democratic editor, in the streets of Concord, that if he had a fugitive slave at his house, who needed assistance, no one would give him five dollars quicker than Frank Pierce. "And," added Pillsbury, "I believe it."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞ The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all, seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if the country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating their friends to meet them in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and coöperation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both earlier and later friends; and, in the meantime, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letters and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them; for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose coöperation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the undertaking, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

Maria Weston Chapman,	Lydia D. Parker,
Mary May,	Eliza F. Eddy,
Louisa Loring,	Abby Francis,
Eliza Lee Follen,	Sarah Russell May,
L. Maria Child,	Abby Kelley Foster,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah H. Southwick,
Anne Warren Weston,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Mary Gray Chapman,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Augusta G. King,
Sarah Shaw Russell,	Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Frances Mary Robbins,	Anna Shaw Greene,
Caroline Weston,	Eliza Apthorp,
Mary Willey,	Anne Langdon Alger,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Susan C. Cabot,	Mattie Griffith,
Eliza Andrew,	Sarah P. Remond,
Sarah Shaw Atkinson,	Mary E. Stearns.

Special notes to all our eloquent and esteemed friends have been forwarded; yet it is hoped that none who feel their hearts drawn towards this reünion, and their lips touched to utterance, will be absent because of any accidental failure of the invitation to reach them.

The Evening of

THE 25TH OF JANUARY,

at the

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

must needs be one of the brightest hours of the year 1860; for it will be animated by that keen social enjoyment that can spring only from devotion to a sublime and sacred purpose.

The hours of reception during the day are from 12 to 4 o'clock. Guests at the evening Supper-party are expected at 7 o'clock. Since speeches and music are expected from so many eminently qualified guests that each must necessarily be shorter than could be wished, all possible time will be secured for this interchange of mind and heart.

After the guests have been welcomed by the ladies on the platform, each will be found at her own tea-table, to receive the subscriptions of her friends; and thenceforward, till the speeches, songs and conversation of the supper-table are over, subscriptions will always be in order.

By the previous appointment of Presidents and gentlemen-ushers, with careful foresight in organizing every arrangement necessary to a social reünion on so much larger a scale than is common, a power of service to the cause will be ensured, equal to the social satisfaction of the occasion.

☞ No admittance fee is permitted; but the notes of invitation, *previously* countersigned by each guest with name and address, must be presented at the entrance.

☞ Vestiaries and careful attendants are secured.

WISE'S DYING SPEECH.

We shall have to give up the hope of seeing Governor Wise President of these United States. Since Messrs. Clark, Curry and Co. are resolved that the majority shall not put their man into the White House, we had consoled ourselves with the hope of compromising upon Mr. Wise. If we cannot have a good President, let us have a funny one, say we. There certainly has not been so funny a Governor since Sancho Panza ruled over Baratavia. If his Presidential exploits should at all correspond with his Gubernatorial ones, he would be the most diverting Chief Magistrate we have ever had, not excepting John Tyler himself. If the slaveholders insist upon the North yielding its right of choosing the President it likes best, they might at least let it have its pick among their own men. The old tyrants used to allow their victims a choice as to the manner of their deaths. Now, we should prefer to die of laughing, and see no more likely executioner than Gov. Wise. But it's of no use. The Charleston Convention will never set up a man merely because his cantrips after election would entertain us. The Presidency is too heavy a part to be cast to so very light a comedian as he. The Democratic villany that overshadows the land is serious and earnest, as all prosperous villany necessarily is, and it will never commit its interests to so mercurial a scatterbrain as he has shown himself, especially after the part he has played first in the Harper's Ferry tragedy and afterwards in the farce of the Stampede of the Sawbones.

The last is more damaging than the first. The Convention might overlook the exquisite Bobadilism of his Richmond speech, after his first return from the seat of war, in which he told how he would have stormed the Engine-house, even if the life of General Washington, instead of that of his collateral Colonel, had been endangered by it, had he been there, and how he would have given his life to have been there with his guard before the marines had robbed him of the glory. And, perhaps, it wouldn't have minded the indecency of his making jest of the condition of prisoners then untried, and his assumption that they must be convicted and hanged, and the mockery of a trial which showed that what he said was a foregone conclusion. For, though it came strictly within the competency of the Court to refuse a continuance, and to try a man on a pallet, for the first time since jury trials were invented, yet nobody believes that a word from the Governor would not have saved his State from the infamy of making one of her Courts the administrator of Lynch Law, conducted on the precedents of the Inquisition. Possibly the Convention might think that the rank and file of the party, being men of an unbounded stomach, might swallow Gov. Wise, with all this sticking to him, without making wry faces. But it never could venture upon him after the exhibition he made of himself the other day at Richmond, when he fell upon the necks of those Repentant Prodigals, on their return from the husks of Philadelphia. No, no! it won't do. Though a most unquestionable Patriarch, he looked too much like the Fatted Calf on that occasion, for their money.

As our readers must all of them have enjoyed the exquisite inconsequences and delicious *Parollesims* of this speech, we shall not undertake any analysis of it. A spilt syllabub or an exploded torpedo were as fit a subject for such a process. Though we may marvel that his Excellency should shudder at the idea of a Dissolution of the Union, in the first of his speech, as the Princess Huncamunca, in Tom Thumb the Great, did at that of "*a man*," when he proceeds at once to tell us that it is a thing that can't be done—that he won't permit it to be done—that he'll "fight first." And when with ten men, if he cannot get a hundred—which is all he asks, but does not expect—he can invade the North and "drive into Canada every Black Republican," as well as every "Abolitionist and Northern Disunionist," we really cannot see any reason for being alarmed for the preservation of the *status quo*. The Governor evidently knows Latin enough to understand that "*fas est et ab hoste doceri*," and is not too proud to take a leaf out of John Brown's book. As Captain Brown conquered Virginia with two and twenty men, and led the whole South captive and terror-stricken at the wheels of the furniture-wagon in which he rode triumphing to his death, Gov. Wise evidently thinks that he can subdue the North with his Decemvirs as easily and put to flight, besides the Abolitionists, the two million Republican voters it harbors. We have read of Pride's Purge which that Commonwealth's-man applied to the Long Parliament—but what was that to Wise's Purge, which he shakes in our faces! And when, in addition to all this, he proposes to exterminate Great Britain for sheltering runaway slaves and traitors, and would have overhauled the ship in which Frederick Douglass had taken passage, and taken him out of her, if he had only had a "long, low, black" steamer to do it with, we should think he might feel strong enough to bid farewell to every fear for the Union and dry his weeping eyes.

It is very true that the Governor has this foundation for his visions of conquest and of glory. He actually did conquer the United States and snub the President thereof on the very field of battle. He was victorious over the victors. The United States fought the battle of Harper's Ferry and took the prisoners; but Gov. Wise took the prey out of the very beak of the eagle and held it for Virginia. He declared that he would not deliver them up to Federal jurisdiction, if the President of the United States himself had commanded it. Had Mr. Buchanan said to this Hotspur of the South,

> "Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it!"

he would have answered,

> "And if the devil come and roar for them,
> I will not send them!"

But the devil did no such thing. He sneaked away with his tail between his legs, like a whipped cur, and left the captives of his spear and of his bow to this interloper. For nothing can well be plainer than that Virginia has no more jurisdiction over an offence committed within the purlieus of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry than over one done in the Tower of London. At least, Caleb Cushing said as much, and if he don't know, who does?

It has been suggested by some political philosopher that it would be an excellent precaution on the part of Nominating Conventions never to set up a man who can write. In some States, no man is allowed to vote who cannot write his name. This may be well enough as far as voters are concerned—though it would fearfully diminish the returns from all the slaveholding States—but it is a very different affair when you come to candidates. Just consider the number of promising ones who have come to grief merely through this fatal gift of writing! Heaven may possibly have

> "—— first sent letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some banished lover, or some captive maid";

but the letters of Presidential aspirants, before and after nomination, one would think must come from the very antipodes of Heaven. But the theory must be enlarged by requiring the candidate to be dumb as well. Had Mr. Wise never been taught to write, he never would have engaged in that epistolary commerce with Mr. Donelly which so lately diverted the public. Had he even cut off his legs and arms, as he said he would like to have done, to avert the disgrace of John Brown's success, that evil had not befallen him. But, then, he must have cut out his tongue also, or he would not have avoided the damage of his Richmond speeches.

Our readers know our sympathetic nature too well not to give us credit for a deep commiseration for unhappy Virginia in view of the dangers with which the fatal railway-train was freighted which bore back to her bosom that callow brood of half-fledged doctors. Pandora's Box was not more full of evils ready to spread themselves over the land. We knew the bills of mortality would be inflamed. We expected a sensible diminution in the population of the State. We were sure that

> "The child shall rue that is unborn
> The hunting of that day."

But we had never imagined that their first professional victim would be their own political Father—their own exemplary Governor. But so it is. The Sawbones have done him to death! It is a terrible augury of their career to come. And they have stripped us of our last hope of being consoled by having the antics of President Wise in exchange for the loss of the heavy villany of President Buchanan. The Democrats will never let us have him, now. They mean that the Pantaloon that now fills the scene shall have his heels tripped up; but they will not call in the Virginia Harlequin to do the trick.

CONVENTIONS AT ALBANY.

It will be seen by the announcements in another column that the first week in February is to be most decidedly a week of Conventions in Albany.

The strong array of the names of our very best speakers gives promise of a rare treat to all who shall attend.

Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Cutler, though not widely known here at the East, are all of them able speakers. Phillips, Pillsbury, Gibbs, Powell and Antoinette Blackwell need no word of commendation from us.

For the benefit of our country friends we would say that, in addition to speaking in both the Anti-Slavery and Woman's Rights Convention, Mr. Phillips is to give his Lecture on "Touissant L'Ouverture," before the Young Men's Association, on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 2d.

A Northern Railroad under Slaveholding Control.—Ill-informed and unreflecting people continue to ask, "Why should the people of the North concern themselves about slavery?" We ought to interfere with it, primarily, for the sake of the slaves whom it imbrutes, and, secondarily, because it is constantly interfering with us and limiting our rights as freemen. Of the last mentioned characteristic of the institution we have had many examples, but none more striking than the fact that slavery has power enough to control the policy of the Railroad leading from this city to New England—the great highway of New Yorkers to Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock! The slaveholders are not only able to tar-and-feather every man who is found selling Helper's Crisis south of Mason and Dixon's line—they are strong enough to make the Directors of the New York and New Haven Railroad their vassals to forbid the sale of that work on that great Northern highway. Yes, the New York and New Haven Railroad is in the claws of the United States' slaveholding censorship. Friends of freedom! do you wish to cut those claws? *Then go to Boston and back by other routes*, as you may do with the utmost convenience. There are three such routes, viz., one viâ Stonington and Providence, one viâ Fall River, and one viâ Norwich and Worcester. If the N. Y. and N. H. Company should find itself losing from 50 to 100 passengers every day as a consequence of its subserviency to slaveholding dictation, it would probably conclude to allow the book-pedlers on the line to supply the wants of their customers.

A Republican Doughface.—Governor Banks's treason to the State of Massachusetts, and his servile subjection to the Slave-Judge-made law at Washington, is, we are assured, awakening the profoundest indignation in New England. His party will be obliged to *let him slide*, or, failing to do so, slide themselves, and make way for a *free democratic party*; unless, indeed, this so-called Union slides in season to swamp all such political usurpers of the name of freedom—which, if all we hear be true, it bids fair to do.

John G. Fee and his Co-workers, whose case is alluded to on the first page, have at last been expelled from Kentucky. Particulars next week.

POLITICAL ANTI-SLAVERY.

The Abolitionists, whether in America or Europe, who, as yet, comprehend the question of slavery so far as to discriminate accurately between actual, efficient anti-slavery action and that which is only seeming, are extremely few in number. The banner of the American Anti-Slavery Society flaunts the brave motto, "No Union with Slaveholders"; but many of its members, and still more of its sympathizing friends, have so little comprehension of the reason why it should bear this inscription that they sympathize almost *as* heartily with the deadliest enemies of the only policy which can make our rallying cry available to the slave. The political aspects of the slavery question are seen by such through a medium which distorts them, so that their real proportions are unperceived. Partly through mistake, and partly in the exercise of a craft which sought to conceal the most diabolical intentions under a mask of seeming devotion to the cause of human rights, the framers of the Federal Government gave it such form as to surround it with this mystifying atmosphere, and have therefore, to this day, been successful in deceiving all who study it, in respect to its real influence upon human liberty. Party management and the labors of those who seek to rise by continuing the deception have done the rest.

The evidence of this misapprehension, this absence of clear-sightedness, comes to us from every quarter. Among American Abolitionists, the sympathy with the Republican movement of many active laborers in the disunion ranks, which is apparently withheld from active political coöperation more by the non-resistant principles of those who manifest it than by a clear perception of how suicidal to their cherished wishes such coöperation would necessarily prove, is one testimony to it. The same kind of proof is abundantly afforded by the foreign as well as the home correspondence of our anti-slavery journals. The criticisms of our gifted and valuable coöperator, Harriet Martineau, upon the differences of opinion among American Abolitionists, convey it to us. There plies to these which have emanated from our American friends, though able and pointed, have still been too obscure upon the reasons why efficient action for the abolition of American slavery can have but the one culminating point—the overthrow of the Federal Government.

A fresh example of this absence of clear perception is afforded us in the report of an anti-slavery meeting lately held in Leeds, England, and copied from *The Mercury* of that place into The Anti-Slavery Standard. The meeting was called to afford opportunity to the Rev. Samuel J. May to give some account of the anti-slavery movement in America. He was introduced to the British public, and quite properly, as one of the earliest founders of this movement, and without offering any criticism upon his positions, The Standard endorses them so far as to say "the American Anti-Slavery Society is indeed fortunate in being represented in Great Britain, even for a short time, by a friend so thoroughly acquainted with its past history, and present position, and so warmly devoted to the cause for whose sake it exists." If his remarks to that audience were correctly reported, they afford ample evidence either that he does not comprehend the question of slavery in its political aspects or had not the courage to avow to them his real opinions. After specifying the success of the Abolitionists in getting the subject before the public, he is reported to have said, "But they have much to contend with. The *present* General Government is wholly opposed to anti-slavery effort, and when it is remembered they have fifty thousand to sixty thousand officials distributed throughout the States, and dependent upon their patronage, it will be immediately seen that the influence they exert must be very considerable. In Congress, too, the anti-slavery party labored under very great disadvantages." He then offers a synopsis of reasons why they labor under these disadvantages. The great, controlling fact is—the case was left wholly out of sight, that the government itself, in its foundation, structure, spirit and essence, and the arrangements for carrying out its provisions, is a grand conspiracy against the liberties of the Africo-American, which can be employed by no administration, and by no party, loyal to the compact by which it was formed and has vital existence, for the emancipation of the slave, but must be used for his continuance in bondage, as long as one individual exists as a slave-owner to demand it. And when Mr. Horner, who seems to have had some perception of the actual state of the case, inquired "if the return of a Republican President would have any beneficial influence upon the anti slavery movement," the vague character of the reply manifests that the true import of the question was not understood, or else it was not thought expedient to afford it a definite answer.

In this state of the case, it may not be unprofitable to offer a few remarks on each of the subjects; 1st, why it is the labors of American Abolitionists should be made chiefly in a direction for the overthrow of the National Confederacy; and, 2d, why any sympathy with, or confidence in, the Republican party, so-called, more than in its opponent, is misplaced.

An analysis of the means by which persons may be held in the condition of chattels leads to the discovery that, in the last resort, it is entirely by the employment of physical power. Those influences which educate the individual mind to the perpetration of the crime of enslaving a fellow-being, such as misdirected religious feeling, or a sentiment of indifference to the rights of others, are inoperative whenever they stop short of procuring a willingness to employ on the one hand all the physical violence which may be found necessary to compel complete submission on the other. From limitation of ability to continuous exercise of physical power by the individual, which is a consequence of the inherent necessities of man's nature, it is obvious that no person could hold one slave, much less a larger number, by his own unassisted power. The electrifying influence of the love of liberty in the chattel would confer upon him a power of endurance of human necessities which would enable him to escape beyond the observation of his oppressor, while the latter was compulsorily ministering to the sustentation of his own. Once beyond sight, with no one to disclose the direction of his escape nor in any way to assist in his recapture, it would be impossible to reënslave him. The crime of enslaving men is necessarily a social one. When we examine the statistics of American slavery, to which the Census tables afford an index, we find the probable present number of slaves to be four millions, in whom a right of property is claimed by four hundred thousand persons as owners. Manifestly, these four hundred thousand are wholly incompetent to hold so vast a number as chattels. They have therefore enlisted in their behalf the physical power organized in the municipal institutions of the States in which they reside. But it was early foreseen that these, too, must prove too feeble ultimately, and therefore the power of the General Government was invoked. They who fashioned this arranged that every escaping slave may be caught and returned to bondage in defiance of all local laws in the whole territory under its jurisdiction. They also arranged that every resisting slave or slaves *shall be* put to death, if not otherwise compelled into submission, by the united power of the whole Confederacy. They provided further that this whole power should be employed to resist any foreign invasion, dictated by the philanthropy of nations or of individuals, for the release of this unhappy people from their bonds. And they who, from the beginning to the present day, have entered into this government, by the exercise of the political privileges it allows or confers, have individually consented with, and made themselves parties to, the crime of enslaving the present four millions and all of their predecessors who have been sacrificed since the government went into operation. It was these arrangements, and these only, which rendered it possible for slavery to be continued till the present day. It was these which made this a nation of slaveholders. It is a concurrence with these which has made every individual who has given a voluntary support to the government morally responsible for all the guilt involved in slaveholding. And it is these, also, which have made it impossible for any political party, though professing anti-slavery intentions, and composed of persons animated by anti-slavery feelings and motives, to emancipate the slave, or to avoid being the agent of his compulsory detention in bondage forever, while they continue in fealty to the government. The real Abolitionist, then, has before him the single object of the overthrow of this National Confederacy. That is the power, and the only power, which prevents the four millions of slaves from freeing themselves. Take off from his breast this terrible weight, and the elasticity of human nature would bring the slave up to the level of freedom at a single bound. Remove this unhallowed encouragement to, and assistance in, the crime, and the slave-owners, with their surrounding confederates, for their own safety, would be swift to make friends by conferring freedom upon those who would otherwise deal with them as enemies completely within their power. The genuine Abolitionist can recognize no real difference between any of those political factions, which call themselves parties, that propose to continue in loyalty to the National Government and seek its perpetuation. To him they occupy precisely the same pro-slavery level, no matter what their professions. It is true, he may respect the anti-slavery desires which animate many individual members of the different factions. But even this is a respect for the feelings of the heart, indulged in at the expense of the abilities of the head. Where they are honest they are manifestly mistaken.

To this view of the case—that physical power is the abiding, omnipresent agent by which alone human enslavement is rendered possible, and that the concentration of the physical force of the whole people, through the arrangements of the National Government, has been the adequate and only means by which slavery has been perpetuated in the United States to the present day—the attention of the intelligent inquirer is invited. Let him examine the historical evidences of the interposition of the federal force to put down actual insurrections of slaves. Let him calculate, if it be possible to do so, the extent of this influence in preventing a repetition of these insurrections of the population of seven of the South-Western States, in some of which the servile race outnumbers the free, and in all of which it nearly equals it. Let him compute, too, how far it has influenced the non-slaveholding portion of the population, whose lives and property are endangered by the presence of slavery, to forego attempts to remove the curse from the soil. And let him address himself, if he will, to the solution of the still more difficult problem of elucidating the frightful extent of the influence this complicity in the criminality of slaveholding has had, North as well as South, in the corruption of public and private morals; not alone in the direction of human slavery itself, but in all the relations of life. And then, if he believe slavery to be a sin against God and man, demanding the efforts of every one to be exerted for its immediate abolition, if he would not partake of the responsibilities of the crime, let him show where he may compromise at any point with the government, or sympathize with, or even tolerate, those who do. But until he can do this, if he be himself a true man, worthy the enjoyment of freedom and to labor to bring others into its possession, his every blow, however divided among those instrumentalities which educate men into a willingness to be the tools of slave-owners in compelling the submission of their chattels, will, nevertheless, have for its ultimate object the overthrow of this organized conspiracy against freedom, which focalizes the physical force by which human slavery in our nation is rendered possible.

There is less reason to wonder that foreigners, who perceive the existence of a large number of States in the Confederacy where neither public sentiment nor the municipal institution, which are its fruits, tolerate chattel slavery, should misapprehend the true condition of things. Englishmen, especially, who live under a government without a written constitution, to guide into a prescribed channel the administration of public affairs, would naturally anticipate the elevation into power of a party professing anti-slavery principles might be a gain to the cause of the slave. And here is a point at which the labors of American Abolitionists have been, and are, lamentably deficient. Opportunities for enlightening the minds of our own citizens, awakened through their feelings to an interest in the subject, as well as foreigners, such as was foregone by Mr. May in the Leeds meeting, are not unfrequently neglected—a neglect attributable, it is to be hoped, to a dimness in the perception of its importance rather than to intentional evasion of duty. However this may be, the need of a bolder revolutionary utterance and life by all who legitimately aspire to be esteemed Abolitionists is conspicuously apparent.

A few remarks upon the reason why sympathy with, or any confidence in, the Republican organization will be misplaced may not be inappropriate, since unanimity of sentiment leads to more efficient concert in action. Our annual conventions, both in the East and in the West, and the expression of sentiment through our journals, afford the evidence of the existence of great contrariety of opinion upon the true estimate to be placed upon this phase of political action. The question is one comparatively unimportant, but still not unworthy of investigation. There are those influential in position, abundant in labor, and unexcelled in fidelity to the slave, as they understand the demands of his cause, who esteem this organization the child of the anti-slavery movement, and who appear to judge of its men, and its measures with a leniency they are incapable of extending to those of its rival for supremacy in the nation. Others equally intelligent, in our ranks, equally laborious, self-sacrificing and sincere, esteem it "the most efficient and most dangerous obstacle to the completion of our labors." Such, at least, was the expression of sentiment, it appears, of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, at its late Anniversary. Those who hold the sentiment thus expressed to be true believe that it is a logical, an inevitable conclusion from a premise to which both parties to this difference agree, namely, that the Constitution of the United States is a pro-slavery instrument which renders every voluntary supporter of it actually and essentially a slaveholder. And if this be true, another conclusion irresistibly follows—that while the Constitution continues in force, and is administered in accordance with its letter and spirit, slavery can never come to an end, save through the will of each individual slave-owner, or the municipal regulations of the separate States.

The power of a government, whether it be a Republic or an Oligarchy like this Confederation, resides in the wealth, intelligence and numbers of its subjects. As the Democratic and Republican organizations are pledged alike in act and intention to perpetuate the Constitution, which, we have seen, means the same as to perpetuate slavery, we have only to calculate the relative proportions they contain of these elements of power to ascertain which is the most effectual supporter of the government. It hardly admits of a doubt that in wealth and intelligence the Republicans greatly preponderate, while in numbers they approximate equality. Considered in reference to their intentions towards slavery, and their policy, except in a most unimportant particular, they are an unit. But the Republican faction exercises an influence in the support of the government, and, as a consequence, of slavery, vastly superior to its rival, not only through the possession of greater intelligence and wealth, but because of its extensive ability to retard the progress of the other or revolutionary party, composed of the slaves and the Abolitionists. The last alluded to and least party has been able to generate a vast amount of anti-slavery feeling within the last twenty-five years. It has been found easier to create this than to convey a clear perception of the character of the government and the relations which individuals bear to slavery through their participation in it, or to quicken the conscience to the point of refusing to seek selfish advantage in the connection, at the cost of the oppressed. The consequence has been that most of those whose feelings and sympathies have been enlisted for the slave, who were of the privileged class of voters, have gone into the Republican ranks, or such of its predecessors as have attempted to reconcile political action against slavery with loyalty to the Constitution. Thus it has resulted that anti-slavery sentiment engendered by the Abolitionists has been guided into the channel of pro-slavery action, and many who are vehement in desire for the overthrow of slavery are, in influence, among the most efficient supporters of the system. It is as if a citizen of New York, designing to go to Boston by railway, should, through mistake of his own or the deception of another, take his seat in a train actually moving towards Philadelphia. The longer he maintains his position, the further he will find himself from accomplishing his intention, and that instrumentality which possesses the most influence in deceiving his judgment in respect to the point towards which he is rapidly travelling, the undeceived spectator will naturally consider the greatest obstacle to the success of his undertaking.

It is in the light of its ability to transform anti-slavery feeling into pro-slavery action, then, that the Republican organisation must be judged when we are estimating the forces opposed to emancipation. This ability the Democratic organization does not possess. It neither intends the abolition of slavery nor professes to aim at it. It openly avows its villanous purposes; it offers no allurements to those who are awakened to a perception of the sinfulness of a system which chattelizes man, and to a desire to labor for its overthrow, cheating them into its actual support. Within the Republican ranks are to be seen numerous examples of men who are sincerely desirous for the overthrow of slavery, and whose political efforts are made with the design and expectation of its accomplishment. Either they are misguided friends who, by their position, are more effectually opposing the cause of emancipation than open enemies possibly could do, or the political ethics of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries are without foundation, and our rallying cry of "No Union with Slaveholders" a most egregious blunder.

A review of the course of some of the able, influential,

but unscrupulous and designing, leaders of the Republican organization would add to the evidence of its superior influence in retarding the cause of emancipation. To economize space, various facts have herein been assumed to be true without affording the demonstration which it is believed every intelligent inquirer may readily find for himself. Admitting their verity, and the legitimate character of the arguments adduced from them, Mr. Horner and our friends at Leeds will find his question to Mr. May explicitly answered, that the cause of the slave has nothing to hope from the return of a Republican President. And Miss Martineau will perceive there is reason for the opinion that though the masses in the Northern States may be awakened in their feelings, in their position and influence they are positively as much between the Abolitionists and the object at which they aim as they were twenty-five years since. A. Brooke.

Marlboro', O., Oct. 4th, 1859.

JOHN BROWN MEETING AT NEW ALEXANDRIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPEECH OF REV. A. M. MILLIGAN—CORRESPONDENCE WITH JOHH BROWN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A meeting of the inhabitants of New Alexandria and vicinity having been called by leading citizens of the place on the 2d of December, a large and respectable audience assembled. The meeting was organized by calling John Bigham, Esq., our most aged and highly respected citizen, to preside. James Shaw and John Hoops were chosen Vice-Presidents, and John Beatty Secretary. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. James Milligan, D.D. The business of the meeting was then stated by the President, after which Rev. A. M. Milligan was called on to address the meeting. After the address, at the request of the audience, the speaker read a letter which had been written by him to John Brown, and the old man's answer.

After this, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That we tenderly sympathize with the four millions of our countrymen who are enslaved.

2. Resolved, That it is the duty of every lover of his country to use every proper and constitutional means in his power for their deliverance from bondage.

3. Resolved, That, without expressing any opinion in regard to the means used by John Brown and his associates for the liberation of slaves, we cannot contemplate their cruel and untimely fate without a thrill of horror, and that we express our most tender condolence with the sufferers and their bereaved families.

4. Resolved, That we request copies of the address and letters for publication with the minutes of the meeting.

John Beatty, Secretary.

SPEECH OF REV. A. M. MILLIGAN.

The Rev. A. M. Milligan's address was in substance as follows:

It is my purpose to consider the affair at Harper's Ferry—

I. In the light of the United States Constitution and the laws of our country. In the light of these, I declare the acts of John Brown and his associates to have been neither treason, insurrection nor murder. It could not have been treason against the State of Virginia; first, because Brown and his associates were not citizens of Virginia. One who owes no allegiance may make an invasion, but cannot commit treason. Second, because he did not make war upon Virginia nor upon the United States government, nor give aid or comfort to those who were making war upon the government. The United States Constitution distinctly declares that treason shall only consist in making war upon the government or in giving aid or comfort to its enemies. To charge those twenty-two men with the intention of overturning the government of Virginia or the United States government, even by the aid of what slaves they might rally under their standard, is simply ridiculous; and if the Constitution of a Provisional Government found in Brown's possession be taken as proof, it will prove no such thing, as its forty-sixth article distinctly declares that "The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State government or of the general government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal." Third, if it was treason, it was not against Virginia, as it was not on Virginia soil, but on United States ground. They were in a United States arsenal, taken by United States soldiers; they were prisoners of the United States, and, as such, were entitled to the protection of the nation until they could be tried by its laws; and for Virginia to assume jurisdiction in the case was usurpation, and for Virginia to execute them, even if they deserve to die, is murder.

Again, they are not justly chargeable with the crime of *insurrection*. That term indicates "a rising against civil or political authority, or opposition to the execution of law." There is not the slightest evidence that those men either intended to put down the authority or nullify the laws of Virginia or the nation, nor did they instigate the slaves to rise and cut their masters' throats or commit an act of domestic violence. It is plain as a sunbeam that their intention was to convey a number of slaves from bondage to liberty. In the light of Virginia laws, recognized as binding by the Constitution, by which a man is made a chattel, the crime was larceny, equivalent to the crime of stealing horses or sheep from a Northern farmer. It is worth one's while to stop and ask the question, Is death the penalty which our laws visit upon the perpetrators of this crime? This relic of a barbarous age seems still to be in vogue in Virginia.

But neither were they guilty of murder. True, there was a killing, but the orders were that it should only be the last resort, in self-defence; it was done in conflict against fearful odds, and in the cause of liberty. If that be murder, then no human life was ever taken without exposing the doer to that fearful charge.

II. Consider the undertaking of those men in the light of the higher law—the law of God recorded in the Bible. This law is embodied, in general terms, in the Golden Rule of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for *this is the law* and the prophets." More particularly on this point is it embodied in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, third verse, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." Do for those that are enslaved as you would for yourself, if you were enslaved; undertake their cause as you would if you were one of them. All who breathe the spirit of Patrick Henry will easily determine what that would be: either achieve our freedom or die in the attempt. "Give me liberty or give me death." Every legitimate son of a revolutionary sire will find in his heart an impulse that, more speedily and heroically than plodding and cowardly prudence, will determine his action. Our fathers rose to throw off an oppression, whole ages of which would not weigh against one hour of the African's bondage. Still more explicitly is this law expressed by the prophet Jeremiah, chapter xxi., 12, and chapter xxii., 3: "Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor." If there be any force or authority in God's law—if it be better, in the sight of God, to obey God rather than men—then these men have the sanction of the highest authority for the enterprise in which they engaged. It may be inquired, Does God's law justify an appeal to arms, even in such a case? I answer that those who acknowledge the Old as well as the New Testament to be the word of an unchangeable God, and still of authority, will find no difficulty in this matter. God authorized Joshua to make war upon the Canaanites for the recovery of the territory which God gave to Abraham, and the Lord Jesus Christ himself, as Captain of the Host of the Lord, marched, with his sword drawn in his hand, before them. To Solomon, in the Book of Proverbs, God says, "With good advice make war." But some will answer that all this is abrogated in the New Testament when Christ says he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword. This, however, is no prohibition — simply either the statement of a fact that those who go to war will be in danger of a violent death, or rather a threatening that those who resort to violence unnecessarily shall be capitally punished—a reënactment of the old law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." That it is not a prohibition of a resort to arms is evident from another direction by Christ to his disciples, Luke xx., 36, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." The only question that can require a moment's hesitation is, Did these men "make war with good advice"? I answer, they did not make war at all. It was no levying of war; the bloodshed was only an uncertain exigency of the enterprise, and was entirely in self-defence. As the contemplated "exodus" was to be conducted through an enemy's country, where it was customary to carry defensive armor, they provided themselves with defensive arms, and used them, when the emergency required it, in their own defence. But before the question of rashness be settled, we must know more of their arrangements than is or perhaps ever will be known. One thing is certain, that they, as it was, came very near succeeding. Virginia was paralyzed, and for two days lay prostrate under the incubus, terror-stricken, and was only relieved from her distressing condition by the interposition of sixteen United States marines, and she has ever since been subject to convulsions. If two or three Northern men are seen or heard of on her borders, she goes off in a swoon; even the nightly cry of the "whip-poor-will" in her mountains, or the tread of a cow in her deserted streets, brings on the spasm. All this goes clearly to show that John Brown was not so far wrong in his calculation when he supposed that, with the aid of seventeen white men and five negroes, he could carry off the whole slave population of Virginia without incurring any risk (accidents excepted) from the Old Dominion. What a sublime spectacle for the world to gaze at does this day present! A great State lies quaking at home, deterred by fear from the much-coveted sight. Twenty-five hundred armed men stand trembling around a scaffold, on which stands a solitary man in chains, while he, the cause of all this terror, deliberately mounts the scaffold, looks calmly on the scene around him; not one muscle of his frame flinches, not one hair trembles, as he commits his soul to God, and dies without a fear.

III. Consider this affair in the light of other events transpiring under this government, especially in Kansas. There hundreds and thousands of armed men marched into the United States territory on election days, took forcible possession of the polls, drove away the legal voters, seized the poll-books, threatened the lives of the judges, and entirely destroyed the freedom of the ballot-box, that palladium of our liberty. There peaceful citizens were shot down in cold blood, their cattle slaughtered before their eyes, their horses carried away and their houses burned, and whole districts depopulated. Among others, the man who dies to-day was bereaved of two noble sons and all his property, his own life sought with the eagerness of intensest hate. What was the retribution which this nation visited on the perpetrators of these crimes? Did the President and the Governors of the States and Territories vie with each other in their zeal to suppress these insurrections, and march their armies to drive out the invaders, and contend with each other for the *honor* of hanging for treason the border ruffians who robbed the United States arsenal and murdered with the pillaged arms the unoffending citizens of an adjoining Territory, and overturned its government? Were Sheriff Jones, the Hon. D. R. Atchison, and Stringfellow, and Reed, and Coleman, and a host of other murderers and traitors, visited with the extreme penalty of the law, or were they rewarded for their treason by congratulations, honors and fat offices? The unfailing page of history will tell the tale. What penalty was visited upon the assassin Brooks, who, with murderous intent, assailed the noblest of our Senators, in his seat in the sacred halls of legislation? Three hundred dollars was the paltry penalty for disabling a Senator for years and exposing his life to the most imminent danger. Three hundred dollars exempts a *Southern* assassin from the gallows which he deserved. But the purest patriot, the most self-sacrificing philanthropist and the most fervent Christian of our land must die a felon's death for *freeing the enslaved from bondage, for "delivering the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor," for "doing for others as he would have others do for him."* Where is the record of the execution of the pirates of the Wanderer and Echo, and those other slavers that have dragged thousands of innocents from their homes and doomed them, in our land, to a fate worse than a thousand deaths? Where the account of their capture and trial? Where the account of soldiers and bloodhounds put on their track? Where the account of the capture, trial and execution of the filibuster invaders, Walker and his associates? Ah! these—crimes shall I call them?—conspiracy, and insurrection, and treason against the liberty of Kansas, conspiracy and invasion of neighboring nations, piracy on the high seas—these deserve not death; for these honors are in waiting; but philanthropy the purest, patriotism the noblest, and Christianity the holiest, are labelled *crimes* of the highest order, such as murder, insurrection and treason; and whoever is found guilty of these must die. It is not the doings at Harper's Ferry, but his anti-slavery sentiments, for which John Brown dies to-day. Gladly would Virginia exchange Brown, and Cooke, and Coppic for Giddings, and Garrison, and Phillips. For their seizure rewards are offered; and for them, if captured, the most fearful deaths are in store. Already are they branded infidels by pro-slavery Churches, and traitors by a slaveholding nation; and I see in the execution of to-day the beginning of a bloody persecution against all philanthropic, patriotic, Christian, anti-slavery men, and perhaps at this moment the first martyr dies.

IV. Compare the martyr of to-day with the heroes and martyrs of other lands and other times. Here let me say that the hero of Harper's Ferry not only belongs to the "thirty mighty men," but has attained to the first three; not only has attained the dignity of a martyr, but stands in the highest rank of martyrs, and perhaps nearest to Him who is "Captain of the Host." Other heroes and martyrs have fought and bled in their own defence, in the defence of the liberty of their own race, their own families, their own posterity. Wallace, Warren and Tell, Washington, Hancock and Henry, offered their fortunes, their honor and their lives on the altar of their own country's liberties; Zwingle, Hamilton, Argyle and Renwick died in defence of their own and posterity's religious freedom; but John Brown dies to-day for the civil and religious liberty of another race, another color, another caste. They called to feast upon their sacrifice an honored race, with which themselves were identified—the rich and noble, from whom some return might be expected—but he for the poor and outcast, with whom even to sympathize is counted degradation. Only the strongest faith could look for a reward, and that not from the slave, but from the God of the oppressed. Noble martyr! thou hast taught us all a higher faith, a nobler self-sacrifice. We hail thee on the threshold of eternity. Peace to thy soul—the martyr's crown for all thy sufferings—the blessings of posterity for all thy noble deeds—the welcome of the Captain of thy Salvation to thy high reward!

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rev. A. M. Milligan to John Brown.

New Alexandria, Westmoreland Co., Pa., Nov. 24, 1859.

Capt. John Brown—*Dear Sir:* Permit a stranger to address you. I am an humble pastor of a congregation of people known as Scotch Covenanters—a people who refuse to incorporate with this government by holding its offices or by using its elective-franchise, on the ground that it fails to perform the duty required of government, either to God or man. It neither acknowledges the authority of God nor protects the persons of its subjects, and we do not acknowledge it to be the moral ordinance of God for good to man, to be obeyed for conscience' sake.

I do not address you from the expectation that you need any promptings to that fortitude which you have so nobly displayed, and which, I doubt not, is begotten in your soul by the Spirit of God, through a good conscience and a good cause. I have no fears but that your own familiarity with the word of God and the way to the throne will fortify your heart against the foul aspersions cast upon your character and motives by purchased presses and parrot pulpits. He that fears God properly need fear no other. Still, I know that the bravest heart may be cheered in the midst of its sore trials by a kindly word from even a stranger; and while you are surrounded by the bulls of Bashan, it may be some consolation to you to know that there are some orthodox and earnest Christians who regard you as a martyr to civil liberty and pray for a large outpouring of the martyr spirit upon you, and feel that in such a cause 'tis glorious to die.

Whatever prudence may whisper in regard to the best course, God requires us to "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them," (Heb. xiii., 3). "Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor" (Jer. xxii., 3). And the Apostle John declares that "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (i John iii. 14 and 17). If these are the proper tests of Christianity, I think at least you have no reason to fear a comparison of character in that respect with your clerical traducers.

But, my dear Sir ,you will allow me to urge upon you a rigid inquiry into your motives to know whether you have taken up the cross for *Christ's* sake as well as for the sake of his oppressed people. If you have made all this sacrifice for Christ's and his cause's sake, you have the promise of a hundred fold more in the present life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Your character will be a hundred fold more than redeemed, and a hundred fold better legacy will accrue to your family than you could otherwise have left them.

I know that your mind is deeply exercised in behalf of the slave, but I would suggest to you another feature of the "irrepressible conflict," to which you may not have bestowed so much thought—God's controversy with this nation for dishonor done to his majesty. This nation, in its Constitution makes no submission to the King of kings—pays no regard to the requirements of his law—never mentions his name, even in the inauguration oath of its Chief Magistrate. God has said he will turn the wicked into hell and all the *nations that forget God* (Ps. ix., 17). To his Son the Messiah he says, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted" (Isa. lx., 11). If you must die a witness to the inalienable rights of man, I desire that you would also set the seal of your blood to a noble testimony for the supreme authority and outraged majesty of God, and with your expiring breath call upon this guilty nation not only to "let God's people go," but also to "serve God with fear and kiss his Son, lest he be angry" (Ps. ii.,). 11 and 12).

You have been called before Judges, and it has been "given you what to say and how to speak," and I pray that, when you are called to "witness a good confession before many witnesses," there may be given you dying words that will scathe and burn in the heart of this great and guilty nation until their oppression of men and treason against God shall be clean purged out.

Noble man! you are highly honored of God—you are raised to a high commanding eminence, where every word you utter reaches the farthest corner of this great country—yes, of the civilised world. What matter if it be from a scaffold! Samson, like you, will slay more Philistines in your death than you ever did or could by a long life, and I pray God that in your dying agony you may have the gratification of feeling the pillars of Dagon's temple crumbling in your grasp. O! feel that you are a great actor on a world-wide stage—that you have a most important part to play—and that while you are suffering for God, he will take care of you. He sends none a warfare on their own charges. Fear not to die. Look on the scaffold not as a curse, but an honor, since it has been sanctified by Christ. It is no longer "cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree"—that curse was borne by Jesus—but "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I still entertain the lingering hope that this nation will not add to its already full cup of crime the blood of your judicial murder, and I pray God "to hear the groaning of the prisoner and to loose those that are appointed to death."

I wish to be understood as addressing your companions through you. Should this reach you, will you gratify me by informing me of that fact. I greatly desire to know more of one in whom I feel so deep an interest.

That you may be saved from death, or, what is better, saved in death, is the prayer of

Yours, for Christ and the Slave, A. M. Milligan.

John Brown's Reply.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., 29th Nov., 1859.

(My Dear Covenanter) Rev. A. M. Milligan—*Dear Friend:* Notwithstanding I now get daily more than three times the number of kind letters I can possibly answer, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of saying a few words to a stranger whose *feelings* and whose *judgment* so nearly coincide with my own. No letter, of a great number I have got to cheer, encourage and advise me, has given more heart-warming satisfaction or better counsel than your own. I hope to profit by it; and I am greatly obliged for this *your visit* to my prison. It really seemed to impart new strength to my soul, notwithstanding I was very cheerful before. I trust, dear brother, that God, in infinite grace and mercy, for Christ's sake, will "neither leave me nor forsake me" till "I have shewed *his power* to this generation, and *his strength* to every one that is to come." I would most gladly commune further, as we journey on; but I am so near the close of mine that I must break off, however reluctant.

Farewell, my faithful brother in "Christ Jesus." Farewell. Your friend, John Brown.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

A series of Anti-Slavery Conventions will be held as follows:

Lockport	Thursday and Friday, January	5, 6
Buffalo	Tuesday and Wednesday, "	10, 11
Auburn	Thursday and Friday, "	12, 13
Oswego	Tuesday and Wednesday, "	17, 18
Utica	Thursday and Friday, "	19, 20
Hudson	Tuesday and Wednesday, "	24, 25
Poughkeepsie	Thursday and Friday, "	26, 27

Addresses by Parker Pillsbury, Aaron M. Powell, Marius R. Robinson, Susan B. Anthony, and others.

Sessions afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

The platform will be free to all candid discussion of the question.

Let there be a grand mustering of the hosts of Freedom, to provide, by the enactment of a Personal Liberty Law, for protecting our State from the prowling kidnapper; and to remove the whole Slave System, before God shall arise in His anger, and swell the HARPER'S FERRY scenes into a Red Sea deluge for the destruction of our worse than Egyptian Oppressors.

STATE ANTI SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, at ALBANY, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, M. R. Robinson, Leonard Gibbs, Aaron M. Powell, Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones, Susan B. Anthony, and others.

Convention to commence at 2 1-2 o'clock Tuesday, p. m.

Let every County in the State be represented. This, surely, is the hour for the friends of Freedom to rally at the Capital, that our law-makers may feel the united voice of the Empire State for a Personal Liberty Law.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in Association Hall, ALBANY, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3d and 4th.

Addresses will be delivered by Wendell Phillips, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, J. Elizabeth Jones, Mrs. Tracy Cutler, and others.

First session to commence at 2 1-2 Friday p. m.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of New York assembled at Albany on Tuesday. The Republicans, having a large majority in both branches, elected their officers without difficulty. Hon. Dewitt C. Littlejohn, of Orange, was chosen Speaker of the House.

The Governor's message is confined almost exclusively to State affairs. Of the slavery question here is all that it says:

"Without wishing to give undue importance to the subject which for so many years has agitated the country, I nevertheless am constrained to say that it continues to maintain such proportions that I do not feel at liberty to disregard it in my annual message. It is not to be denied that there is an apparent determination on the one hand to extend and strengthen the institution of human slavery as a political power on this continent, and on the other an equally determined spirit to resist its extension and influence. So long as the leaders of opinion in all sections of our country were substantially agreed in the sentiment that slavery was an anomaly and an evil to be restricted and endured until time and opportunity should indicate the means of its peaceful and gradual extinction, it was not a source of fraternal discord and sectional strife, and could not have been made one. But the novel doctrines which affirm that slavery is no evil at all, but a positive good—a good to be commended, diffused, perpetuated — and which logically require the conversion of our present Federal Territories into new slave marts, and the acquisition of additional provinces and islands, expressly to fortify and increase the power of this social evil, are plainly incompatible with that perfect amity and concord, between different sections and States, which it is the interest of all, and the desire of the people of this State, at least, to maintain through all time.

"New York yields to none of her sister States in her devotion to the Union. She reveres it as the fruit of a long-protracted contest for liberty and independence, and she cherishes it for its present benefits and its guarantees for the future. Her citizens discovered at a very early period that slavery was an evil, and prompt and considerate provision was made for its extinction. So far as our example was worthy of imitation, the other members of the Confederacy had the advantage of it; but we never claimed that we had the right to interfere, directly or indirectly, with slavery as it existed in the other States of the Union. We were satisfied with the solemn and earnest declaration recorded upon our statute-book, that we regarded slavery as a governmental and social evil, and treated it accordingly. New York still maintains the same position. She emphatically disavows all sympathy or coöperation with those misguided men who, no matter under what provocation, have sought in the past, or who may seek in the future, unlawfully to interfere with the institutions of any of her sister States.

"That the offenders in the recent invasion of Virginia intended to subvert the existing government, and establish in its stead another more consonant with their notions of justice and equal rights, is not certain; that they proposed to liberate and arm the slaves of that region, and aid their escape to a foreign country, is beyond dispute. And that purpose, it need hardly be observed, was unlawful and certain to be resisted at all hazards. Bloodshed, thus incited, rests, in the eyes of human law, on the heads of those whose violation of laws provoked or caused it. We may admit that their aims were unselfish and even philanthropic—that they honestly believed and felt that they were risking liberty and life in behalf of the wronged and oppressed—but we must never forget the obvious truth, that social order can only exist through a general recognition of the sanctity of law, and that tranquillity and security must vanish from that community wherein every one shall feel at liberty to redress whatever he deems a grievance, by raising his arm against the authorities and the laws.

"Another question, however, is presented when it is proposed to establish or to permit the establishment of slavery in the Territories. Being the common property of the whole people, so long as they remain Territories, New York will claim the right to participate in their government. In no way can she do so except through the agency of her chosen representatives in Congress; and therefore it is that the electors of New York recognize the authority of Congress, to legislate for the Territories and to prohibit the establishment of slavery therein. Yielding cheerful obedience to the doctrines of State sovereignty; having no disposition to interfere with the local institutions of the States; prepared at all times to aid those States in the preservation of their sovereign power, the people of New York, while always enforcing their views in a legal, peaceful and constitutional manner, will not surrender the right to participate in the reformation of this or any other evil in the administration of the National Government."

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 1860.

The House indulged itself in *two* holidays—Saturday and to-day, New Year's—and even this limited recess was gained by only one majority, which indicates the rigor with which the Republicans hold their political foes to their arms. No adjournment would have been granted had not the Clerk, through a member, stated to the House that he was nearly sick with chills and fever, and very much desired a little respite from his daily round of duties.

The Republicans cannot at present elect their Speaker, but they have power enough to hold their enemies to the field of battle.

The speeches which the Democrats have delivered during the last week are not of sufficient importance to justify any lengthened notice of them. Roger A. Pryor made a great effort to recover the reputation as a public speaker which he lost in his skirmish with Mr. Nelson, the first week of the session. He succeeded partially, by taking the precaution to commit his speech to memory, and then reciting it to the House as a schoolboy does his oration. He took precisely the same ground as Wise does in his "Sawbones" speech at Richmond. The Fire-Eaters have given up their disunionism for awhile, and now go in quite lustily for the Union and for fighting out the quarrel in it! I suppose they intend to do what Wise threatened—march an army into the free States to catch Garrison and Phillips, and other prominent enemies of slavery. If so, I dare say they will be warmly welcomed "to hospitable graves."

The Fire-Eaters are a little sick of their disunion fit, especially since they have discovered that their declarations are likely to prove disadvantageous to the "harmonious Democracy" in the next Presidential campaign, at the North, if not also in the South.

The course of this same "Democracy"—devil-ocracy, rather—in next fall's campaign becomes each day more apparent. The Charleston Convention will readopt the Cincinnati platform, just as it is, and the Southern wing of the party will claim, as it does now, that Congressional protection for slavery is not inconsistent with it, while at the same time the doughface wing will claim that the platform gives explicitly to the people of the Territories the right to protect or abolish slavery whenever they desire to do so.

As for Douglas, he claims that he has already secured a majority of the delegates for the Charleston Convention. But a majority will not nominate a candidate. The South will insist upon the two-thirds rule, and a compromise will be made between the Southern and Northern parties on Gen. Jo. Lane, of Oregon. He made a great bid for the nomination, a couple of weeks ago, in the Senate, in a speech which his friends doubtless prepared for him. He so mixed up Douglas and Buchanan in his little speech that no one could tell them apart. This is his game—to appear up North a Douglas man—down South a Buchananite. That his speech was carefully prepared by his friends no one can doubt who knows Jo. Lane. He is a good-natured man, and means well enough, but he is the greatest ignoramus that ever got into public life. "My greatest objection to Lane," said a prominent politician, the other day, "is that *he don't know anything.*" This is an exact description of the man. Franklin Pierce is a mighty man in intellect and scholarship beside him. If elected President, he would be a miserable tool in the hands of the slave-drivers.

The Republicans have shown a commendable degree of *pluck* the last week in Congress. In the first place, Mr. Grow rebuked one of the Southern bullies and blackguards for his impertinence, and the slaveholder—Branch of North Carolina—got very mad on the spot, and, the next day, challenged Grow to fight him. Probably he did so with the full knowledge that Mr. Grow is utterly opposed to the code. This position he took years ago, and has put himself on record upon it. Branch doubtless thought to make a little capital with the Southern members by the challenge and Grow's refusal to fight. But he won't make much. Grow's reply to his challenge was spirited, and he has since circulated with great freedom and boldness in all parts of the town, and especially past the hotel where Branch puts up. The negro-drivers have at last learned one fact, that the present Congress contains a large number of men who do not quail before their threats.

Another Pennsylvania member — McKnight — called Roger A. Pryor to account just before the House adjourned on Friday. The day before, Pryor used insulting language towards him, because of his interrupting Pryor in the middle of his speech. McKnight stated the facts clearly, which were that he understood Pryor to give way to him, and he was proceeding to show the inconsistency of the Virginia editor, when a torrent of reproaches were poured out upon him. "I don't understand how a gentleman could use such language to another," added McKnight, and then he stopped to see if Pryor would make an apology. His bearing was manly, and every one present saw that he was determined upon receiving an apology for the insulting language or expressing very freely his opinion of Pryor on the floor of the House. But Pryor was a gentleman, and instantly, as he remarked, "without one word, withdrew the offensive language." There *is* at last a North, and Northern courage in the presence of slaveholders. Mr. Grow is hated by the whole Southern delegation in Congress, and they would like to see him murdered off as Broderick was, without doubt, and they encourage Branch to attack him. But Mr. Branch knows that Mr. Grow is a brave man and does not fear an assault. He knows very well that another Charles Sumner outrage cannot ever be again perpetrated in Washington. The spirit of large numbers of the Republicans is such that they would make short work with such miscreants as attacked Sumner, were Grow or any other Northern man to be insulted or outraged. You can have little idea of the intense feeling in the Republican ranks. They have sat four weeks under the most insolent and irritating attacks, simply because it was their true policy for the present, till the House is organized. But they won't stand any "overt acts." A new member from a Western State is a grave, old Presbyterian elder. When the Grow and Branch affair occurred in the House, as soon as Grow was through his speech, the elder went at once to Grow and offered him a "six-shooter," in case of any sudden attack, as Branch had intimated some such thing. Grow utterly refused to accept the offer; but, when the House adjourned, the old deacon insisted upon walking with him down to his lodgings, as he wished to be on hand in case any outrage was attempted. This isn't much as it was a few years ago. Northern courage is in the ascendant, and commands respect here, so much so that in case of the election of Seward to the Presidency, all that will be necessary to keep down Gov. Wise and the other traitors will be to bring down another John Brown with an army of *twenty men.* They will take care of the Union. Avon.

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio, is an Agent of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, and as such is commended to all friends of the Society, and of uncompromising anti-slavery. As editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and as a clear, earnest and impressive speaker, his services have been of the greatest value to the cause, and have entitled him to the fullest confidence and respect of its friends. In full apprehension of the principles of Anti-Slavery, in faithful application of them, and in a fair and courteous spirit to opponents, he is surpassed by no one.

Mr. Robinson is at present laboring in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, and other Anti-Slavery papers, and donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Those who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of The Standard, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to made prompt payment.

Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machines (advertised in our columns for some time past) are certainly equal, if not superior, to those manufactured by any other company. Many of our friends, having tested them, are earnest in their praise, and justly, we cannot doubt. They have been introduced during the past year in many schools for girls, and we have seen letters from the President of the Elmira Female College, Prof. Phelps of the New Jersey Normal School, Prof. Pierce of the Rutgers Female Institute, and Prof. Wood of Ward School No. 49 in this city, speaking of them in terms of high praise, for their simplicity of construction and their labor-saving qualities.

Gerrit Smith was, some days since, so far restored to health that he was able to return to his home in Peterboro. This announcement will cause a thrill of pleasure in thousands of hearts. It is intimated, we know not on what authority, that he will go to Europe as soon as his strength will permit.

Thanks.—Our thanks are due to the friend in Paris who was so thoughtful as to send us an original translation of the Letter of Victor Hugo. True, it did not reach us in time to be of service, but the good intention deserves not less our grateful acknowledgment.

Wendell Phillips will deliver his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture at the Cooper Institute, in this city, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st. As the lecture is one of the author's best and has never been delivered here before, the friends of freedom will no doubt improve this opportunity to hear it.

Trial of Stevens.—It is settled at last that Aaron D. Stevens is to be tried, not by the United States, but by the State of Virginia. A special term of the Court will probably be held for the purpose before the end of the present month.

Summary.

The Grand Jury of the United States District Court at Chicago has indicted eight citizens of Ottawa, Illinois, under the Fugitive Slave law, who participated in a rescue.

Helper has sent a splendidly bound copy of the unabridged edition of his "Impending Crisis" to Missouri Clark, with a letter, returning that gentleman his sincere thanks for the magnificent advertisements he has bestowed, free of charge, upon his book.

A correspondent of the Maine *Farmer*, in speaking of "The Old Man of the Mountain," sends the following extract, which he says is from the dinner-table speech at Fryeburg: "Hatters hang out for a sign a large hat, and shoemakers a big boot, and God Almighty had hung out, up in Franconia, a huge man, as a sign that here in New England he makes Men."

The Manchester (N. H). *American* says that *The Tribune* has a circulation of nearly two thousand copies in Hillsboro' County, New Hampshire, the county in which Horace Greeley was born. It adds, "The farm-house, eight miles south-west of this city, still remains essentially the same as when Horace was born, forty years ago."

A good joke about Harper's Ferry is laid at the door of Thaddeus Stevens. He was talking of "the invasion" at a Washington hotel the other evening, to a Southern friend. Southron waxed hot, and declared with an oath that John Brown "deserved a dozen hangings." "Yes," said Thaddeus, in his solemn, drawling style, "yes, you are right; he deserved hanging. He only brought down seventeen men; if he had brought thirty, he would have settled the slavery question forever!"

Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House, is of Connecticut origin. His grandfather, Taylor Sherman, built the house now occupied by Nathan Beers. His father, Charles Sherman, was born in that house, and lived there until his removal to Ohio, in company with a large party of Norwalk people, who migrated to the Connecticut Reserve, in Ohio. Mr. Sherman comes honestly by his Republicanism, as the patriot blood of old Roger Sherman flows in his veins.

To Keep (Irish?) Potatoes from Sprouting.—To keep potatoes intended for the use of the table for spring until new potatoes grow, take boiling water, pour it into a tub, turn in as many potatoes as the water will cover, pour off the water, handle the potatoes carefully, laying up in a dry place on boards only one layer deep, and see if you do not have good potatoes the year round, without strings and water ends caused by growing. The neighbor I got my information from says he has never failed or had any trouble from rotting or sprouting. Try a few.—*Correspondence Prairie Farmer.*

Mr. Alfred Caldwell, the Virginia State Senator from the Wheeling District, who, it will be remembered, avowed strong Republican doctrines in a speech at his home, last summer, is placed in coventry at Richmond. He is treated with extreme coolness by his brother Senators and the members of the other House. At the hotel at night, when all seem to be engaged in conversation, he sits alone by the stove in the rotunda, as little recognized as though he were an entire stranger to all present. He will probably stand the pressure, and be improved by it.

Slavery As It Is.—At the April term, 1859, of the Circuit Court for Cecil County, Md., a free colored man, about 20 years of age, named John Scott, was tried for going out of the State and returning thereto contrary to law, and convicted of the offence. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs of suit, and, in default thereof to be sold as a slave. The fine was not paid, and on Monday last John Scott was sold at Elkton, at public sale, to the highest bidder, for $975. He was sold as a slave for life, and is no doubt ere this on his way to a Southern market. The purchaser was a man named Fairbank, from Baltimore. Does a more unjust and iniquitous law than the one under which this man was sold into a life-long bondage disgrace the statute-books of any other country?

Dr. Brownlow, in a late issue of the Knoxville *Whig*, thus explains his flight through the Federal Metropolis: "Since our return home from the North, we have been frequently inquired of as to why we did not call at Washington and witness the organization of the House? We have given the same answer in every instance. We had in our pocket $20 in money, and a through ticket to Lynchburg, six good shirts in a small carpet sack, and a new overcoat worth at least $20, and this was more than we were willing to risk in that *den of thieves*. Stealing has become an *epidemic* in Washington, and no man would be safe there with this much in his possession!"

To Destroy the Appetite for Tobacco.—A clergyman says that he cured his appetite for tobacco in the following manner: "I had a deep well of very cold water, and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence I resorted immediately to fresh drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued holding water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month I was cured. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence."

It will be remembered that we published, some weeks since, an account of the sacking of the house of John C. Underwood, of Clarke County, Va., and the assault and wounding with a bayonet of one of the women of that neighborhood, who resisted the entrance of the brutal soldiery into her house, and was thus disabled, in defence of herself and daughters from the licentious and drunken forces of Gov. Wise, in the absence of her husband. We now learn that this woman was the wife of Martin Feltner, a tenant of Mr. Underwood, a most worthy member of the Methodist Church, and the mother of fourteen living children—ten sons and four daughters. We are glad to learn that a contribution is to be made by our citizens as a testimonial to her courage and virtue.—*Tribune.*

The Position of Maryland.—The Baltimore *Patriot* talks in this style of Southern disunionists: "The declarations of Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, yesterday, have no terrors for Maryland. Let who may be elected President in 1860, according to the forms prescribed by the laws of the country, she, for one, will submit to the election, and stand by the Union, even though the Congressional delegation from Georgia, as gravely announced by Mr. Crawford, shall seek to prevent the inauguration of the new President. Nay, even though every State in the Union, North, South, East and West, shall repudiate the election, Maryland will insist on obedience to the Federal Government, and rally to the flag of the Union."

More Africans Coming.—The *Sea Coast* (Miss.) *Democrat* of the 7th Dec., under the head of "Good News," has the following: "We learn from good authority that a cargo of African slaves is expected in ship Island Harbor the latter part of the present month. They will, if they arrive safe, be landed without any attempt at secrecy; the consignees trusting to the sentiment predominant in Mississippi as to the necessity of increasing the number of laborers for a triumphant acquittal, in the event of a government prosecution. We wish the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise much success in their patriotic and humane undertaking. No doubt the Africans themselves will prove grateful and diligent when they find how kind their new owners will treat them, compared with their former savage, pagan masters."

The Black Law in Missouri.—The St. Louis *Evening News* says the Free Negro law, which has just passed the Senate of Missouri, is harsh and oppressive in the extreme. It prohibits any slaveholder from rewarding his faithful slave for long years of devoted service, by giving him his freedom, unless he enters into a bond of $2,000 to remove the emancipated slave from the State forever. It provides that every free negro or mulatto, over the age of 18 years, now living in the State, shall leave it before the first Monday in September, 1860, on pain of being sold at public auction into slavery for life. All free negroes and mulattoes under 18 years of age shall be bound as apprentices till they are 21 years of age, twelve months after the expiration of which they shall leave the State or be sold into slavery. Any free negro or mulatto who shall come into the State after the first Monday in September, 1861, and remain twenty-four hours, shall be sold into slavery. Such are the leading provisions of the bill. It is positively inhuman.

The Southern Press and Incendiary Matters.—The Savannah *Republican* shows the inconsistency manifested by the course of Southern journals in decrying the incendiary documents of the Northern press, when they publish extracts from these very articles to be used in election campaigns. It instances the "irrepressible conflict" speech of Senator Seward, which no later than last summer was copied *in extenso* and scattered broadcast over the country as an electioneering document. The *Republican* argues that if the only fear to be entertained of the circulation of these incendiary publications is the probable effect they might have on the minds of the slaves, "it mattered very little whether they learned to be dissatisfied from our own newspapers, or those of another State. If the intelligence is conveyed, and they get the idea, the harm to them is just as great as though received through the columns of the *Tribune.*"

"The Old Guard."—We regard the American Anti-Slavery Society as Napoleon did the "Old Guard." Its members, male and female, are steady, reliable people. The cause could not advance as it ought without them. They are to the movement what the North star is to the heavenly constellations that revolve around it as the axis. There is not a single regiment in the anti-slavery host that does not keep its eye fixed on the Garrisonians. However else we may disagree on the *quo modo*, there is perfect agreement on this, that courage, perseverance, and unfaltering faithfulness to the slave are characteristics of the Garrisonians. Among the newspapers we receive, *The Standard*, as the organ of that Society, is the first we open. By its luminous teachings, consistent, and steady as the needle to the pole, we ascertain our longitude and latitude.—*Free Church Portfolio, August 27th.*

Kidnapping.—From a gentleman at Harrington we learn that Lemuel C. Morris, of Masten's Corner, was arrested on Tuesday last, and sent to prison for kidnapping a boy named James Lewes, son of Abner Lewes, of that neighborhood. The facts of the case as stated to us are as follows: The boy lived with Mr. Wm. Minner, and on Sunday he was permitted to visit his father. After spending the day there he was on his return home to Mr. Minner's house, when Morris met him in a woods, about dark, and tied him fast to a tree. Then he left him, went home, procured his horse and carriage, returned and took the boy into the carriage, and drove with him over into Maryland to the residence of a Mr. Fountain, who deals in slaves. Here he attempted to sell him, but Mr. Fountain suspecting that the boy was free, declined to buy him, but told Morris to leave him, and return on Tuesday, and he would give him the money or return the boy. When Morris was gone, Fountain questioned the boy, and learned from him that he was free, and that Wm. Masten, Sr., Charles Warren, Esq., and others knew him. Mr. Fountain then wrote a note to Mr. Masten, but before it was received the boy had been missed, and search instituted. He was found at Mr. Fountain's, and delivered up. Before he was found, however, Morris had returned for his money, but Mr. Fountain would neither give him the money, or permit him to take the boy. He was arrested on Tuesday, and lodged in jail, at Dover.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for the Quarter ending December 31, 1859.

Clarkson Society,	$33 00	L. Towne,	10 00
T. Whitson,	10 00	Mrs. J. Sill,	10 00
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The last report omitted an acknowledgment to John Agnew of $5 00

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE PREACHER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Far down the vale my friend and I
Beheld the distant seaboard town;
Saw the great ships go sailing by,
And the long waves run up and down;
The white beach glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south,
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth,
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds, through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and gilded o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire,
Over gray roofs a shaft of fire,
What is it, pray?"—"The Whitfield church!
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."
Then, as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And, through the mystery of our theme,
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
Gathers the moss of a hundred years;
On man and his works has passed the change
Which needs must be in a century's range.
The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run—
Flocks on the hill-sides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain!
But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold;
To the lust of office and greed of trade
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The Church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
Everywhere is the grasping hand
And eager adding of land to land;
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,
A nightly shelter to fold away
When the Lord should call at the break of day,
Solid and steadfast seems to be,
And Time has forgotten Eternity!

But, fresh and green, from the rotting roots
Of primal forests the young growth shoots,
From the death of the old the new proceeds,
And the life of truth from the rot of creeds;
On the ladder of God which upward leads,
The steps of progress are human needs.
For his judgments still are a mighty deep,
And the eyes of His providence never sleep:
When the night is darkest, he gives the morn;
When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn!

In the Church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
The iron links of his argument.
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
The purpose of God and the fate of man!
Yet, faithful still in his daily round
To the weak and the poor and sin-sick found,
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
Had he not seen, in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods,
A vision of love about him fall,
Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,
But the tenderer glory that rests on them
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
Where never the sun nor moon are known,
But the Lord and his love are the light alone!
And, watching the sweet, still countenance
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
Had he not treasured each broken word
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;
And loved the beautiful dreamer more
That thus to the desert of earth she bore
Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore!

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain
Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
Joyfully welcomes the far off breeze
Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
So he who had waited long to hear
The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
Like that which the son of Iddo heard
When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,
Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
As over his Church the afflatus passed,
Breaking its sleep as breezes break
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,
The creep of the flesh at danger near,
A vague foreboding and discontent
Over the hearts of the people went.
All nature warned in sounds and signs;
The wind in the tops of the forest pines
In the name of the Highest called to prayer,
As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.
Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
Sudden and strong the light shone in;
A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs
Startled the man of title-deeds;
The trembling hand of the worldling shook
The dust of years from the Holy Book;
And the psalms of David, forgotten long,
Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course
Of waters moved by a central force;
The tide of spiritual life rolled down
From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands,
Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands,
And prayer availing, to downward call
The fiery answer in view of all.
Hearts are like wax in the furnace, who
Shall mould and shape and cast them anew?
Lo! By the Merrimack Whitfield stands
In the temple that never was made by hands—
Curtains of azure and crystal wall
And dome of the sunshine over all!—
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
Blown about on the winds of fame;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.
Called in his youth to sound and guage
The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
Of human frailty and perfect law,
Possessed by the one dread thought that lent
Its goad to his fiery temperament,
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying, Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature make,
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life, as it takes the light
On one side, leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
For the plea of the devil's advocate.
So, incomplete by his being's law,
The marvellous preacher had his flaw;
With step unequal, and lame with faults,
His shade on the path of history halts.
Wisely and well said the Eastern bard,
Fear is easy, but love is hard,
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage,
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he, to whom, in the painful stress
Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small,
That man was nothing, since God was all,
Forgot, as the best at times have done,
That the love of the Lord and of man are one.
Little to him, whose feet unshod
The thorny path of the desert trod,
Careless of pain, so it led to God,
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's wrong,
The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.
Should the worm be chooser?—the clay withstand
The shaping will of the potter's hand?

As in Indian fable Arjoon hears
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears:
"Spare thy pity!" Krishna saith,
"Not in thy sword is the power of death!
All is illusion, loss but seems,
Pleasure and pain are only dreams,
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill,
Who counts as slain is living still,
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime,
Nothing dies but the cheats of time;
Slain or slayer, small the odds
To each, immortal as Indra's gods!"

So by Savanna's banks of shade,
The stones of his mission the preacher laid
On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,
And made of his blood the wall's cement;
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost;
And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold
Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.
What could it matter, more or less
Of stripes and hunger and weariness?
Living or dying, bond or free,
What was time to eternity?
Alas, for the preacher's cherished schemes,
Mission and Church are now but dreams;
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
To honor God through the wrong of man.
Of all his labors no trace remains,
Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.
The woof he wove in the righteous warp
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
Clothes with curses the goodly land,
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;
And a century's lapse reveals once more
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.
Father of Light! how blind is he
Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee
With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: Shall we count his gifts as nought?
Was the work of God in him unwrought?
The servant may through his deafness err,
And blind may be God's messenger,
But the errand is sure they go upon,
The word is spoken, the deed is done.
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?
For his tempted heart and wandering feet
Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?

So in light and shadow the preacher went,
God's erring and human instrument:
And the hearts of the people where he passed
Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
Under the spell of a voice which took
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
The sailor, reeling from out the ships
Whose masts stood thick in the river slips,
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
The calker rough from the builder's yard,
The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
Their hearts in a closer union melt,
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom
Down the endless vistas of life to come.
Old age sat feebly brushing away
From his ears the scanty locks of gray;
And careless boyhood, living the free,
Unconscious life of bird and tree,
Suddenly wakened to a sense
Of sin and its guilty consequence.
It was as if an angel's voice
Called the listeners up for their final choice;
As if a strong hand rent apart
The veils of sense from soul and heart,
Showing in light ineffable
The joys of heaven and woes of hell!
All about in the misty air
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
The wailing pines, and far and faint
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent
An undertone as of low lament.
And the rote of the sea from its sandy coast,
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host
For the mood of Nature is not her own,
And the heart of man, in its joy or moan,
Evermore lends to her voice its tone.

Yet wise men doubted and good men wept
As that storm of passion above them swept,
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,
The priests of the new Evangel came—
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
Charged like summer's electric cloud,
Now holding the listener still as death
With terrible warnings under breath,
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
The vision of Heaven's beatitude!
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
And wringing of hands and eyes aglare,
Groaning under the world's despair!
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,
Prophesied to the empty pews,
That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,
And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,
Like the spring that gushed in Newbury street
Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,
A silver shaft in the air and light
For a single day, then lost in night,
Leaving only its place to tell
Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
With zeal wing-clipped and white heat cool,
Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
No longer harried and cropped and fleeced,
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
But, by wiser counsels left at ease
To settle quietly on his lees,
And, self-concentred, to count as done
The work which his fathers scarce begun,
In silent protest of letting alone.
The Quaker kept the way of his own—
A non-conductor among the wires,
With coat of asbestos proof to fires,
And quite unable to mend his pace
To catch the falling manna of grace,
He hugged the closer his little store
Of faith and silently prayed for more.
And vague of creed and barren of rite,
But, holding, as in his Master's sight,
Act and thought to the inner light,
The round of his simple duties walked
And strove to live what the others talked!

And who shall marvel if evil went
Step by step with the good intent,
And with love and meekness, side by side,
Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?
That passionate longings and fancies vain
Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?
That over the holy oracles
Folly sported with cap and bells?
That goodly women and learned men
Marvelling told with tongue and pen
How unwinged children chirped like birds
Texts of Scripture and solemn words,
Like the infant seers of the rocky glens
Of the Puy de Dome and wild Cevennes:
Our baby Lamas who pray and preach
From Tartar cradles in Budda's speech!

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages
With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,
Hate and malice and self love mar
The notes of triumph with painful jar,
And the helping angels turn aside
Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.
Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction hard
On granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals;
Ever by losses the right must gain,
Every good have its birth of pain;
The active Virtues blush to find
The Vices wearing their badge behind,
And Graces and Charities feel the fire
Wherein the sins of the age expire;
The fiend still rends, as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the overdrift
And flow of the Nile with its annual gift,
Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk?
Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk?
The tide that loosens the temple's stones,
And scatters the sacred ibis bones,
Drives away from the valley-land
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,
Moistens the fields that know no rain,
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,
And bread to the sower brings again.
So the flood of emotion deep and strong
Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.
The husband and father, whose children fled,
And sad wife wept when his drunken tread
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,
And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,
In a strength that was not his own, began
To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.
Old friends embraced, long held apart
By evil counsel and pride of heart;
And penitence saw, through misty tears,
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,
The promise of Heaven's eternal years,
The peace of God for the world's annoy,
Beauty for ashes and oil of joy!

Under the church of Federal street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitfield church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
And fashion and folly and pleasure laid
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
The voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And, if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod—
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!

—The Independent.

JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER TO A FRIEND IN BOSTON.

Rome, Nov. 24, 1859.

Dear Sir: I see by a recent telegraph which the steamer of Nov. 2 brought from Boston, that the Court found Capt. Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, Dec. 2, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So, long before this reaches you, my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright private life. I am not well enough to be the minister to any congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul, while it listened to my words. Surely, the 28th Congregational Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; yet, while reading the accounts of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defence of the True and the Right.

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice, and the American Democracy; nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party; how will it affect the next Presidential election; what will the great State of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or New York, say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically and thus speedily with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up Democracy if we keep Slavery; or give up Slavery if we keep Democracy.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best state, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick, but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new or peculiar to me, but are a part of the Public Knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. A man held against his will as a slave has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty. This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. It may be a natural duty of the slave to develop this natural right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty. For if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation. If I fail thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thraldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. The freeman has a natural right to help the slaves recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. It may be a Natural Duty for the freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of their liberty, and, as means to that end, to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural freedom.

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a *right* to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my duty to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a murderer, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would still be the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a kidnapper who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a slaveholder who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. The performance of this duty is to be controlled by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves (the impossible is never the Obligatory). I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Borneo, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighborhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I could help the bondmen in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I ought to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come (1st) irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and (2d) the statute laws made by the Legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; but they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much of that is true of us. If he had succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, the majority of men in New England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means. The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon; it is already loaded.

Of course, I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in the State of ——, or a third in ——, or a fourth in ——. Such things are to be expected: for they do not depend merely on the private will of men, like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great General Causes which move all human kind to hate Wrong and love Right. Such "insurrections" will continue as long as slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the human race; and until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good anti-slavery picture on the Virginia shield—a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the swordholder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago, it did not seem difficult first to check slavery and then to end it without bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

I. There are four million slaves in the United States violently withheld from their natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Now (1), they are our fellow-countrymen—yours and mine, just as much as any four million white men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation—the duty of instruction, advice and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The color of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them—the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the Anti-Slavery Society, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes Capt. Brown's expedition—an attempt to help his countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their natural duty to their black countrymen—that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter, Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now, the Underground Railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By and by, it will be an Overground Railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada; the only *tunnelling* will be in the slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that Locomotive of Liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political Free-Soilers in Boston, as "the man who helped 1,800 slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous Quaker *three times three*. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that Heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago, Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom* (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*), but with the money she sent, what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of humanity. Did your friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston—Hunkers have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776—that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr. Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven-and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterward sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good ways off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr. Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty* than a Pole or a Greek to political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well planned attempts in other States to do what Capt. Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten will fail—the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the loses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death; it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appears as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defence into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt, the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance—the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of the many: In Santa Cruz, the old slave laws were the most horrible, I think, I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offence his right light leg was to be cut off; for the second offence, his other leg. This mutilation was not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid [illegible], and his legs chopped off with a plantation axe, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and so save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live torso of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a Court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end—rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3,000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no Revenge! Suppose 25 000 Americans, held in bondage by 3,000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3,000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt, it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance.* San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men took place within the memory of many of us.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the Slave States, there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual at any day; and if not in 1860, then in some other "year of our Lord." Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "Liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die rather than be a slave." We continually praise "our Fathers who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginnings of that great national work. Once a year, we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of Liberty"! How we point out the "infamy of the British oppression"! "They would make our Fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor—Sic semper Tyrannis"!

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day" or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the *philosophic* American who now "represents the great Democracy" at the Court of Turin. *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that. *Non mi ricordo.* "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise"; and one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: If the negroes have not general power of mind or instinctive love of liberty equal to the whites, they are as much our superiors in *power of cunning*, and in *contempt for death*—rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century; they spread fear and consternation. The picture will be more terrible now. In case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, "no attribute of the Almighty" which can take sides with the master, but *there will be many white men who will take part with the slave.* Men like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr. Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember right, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man in your town was in actual service. Now-a-days, their descendants are proud of the fact. One day, it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of three pence a pound in tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of Slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure, a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instantial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this: "In 1790, there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2 400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year 1900 A. D., there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that Slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this—there are twenty Southern Representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the fifteen Northerners who stand for the will of 1,400,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President, consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the Slave Power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision, the filibustering against Cuba (still found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual reöpening of the African slave trade! Then consider the contempt which Southern men express for labor.

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the court of justice. She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay. These things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty; thence comes the Free-Soil party, thence the Republican party—it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measures on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that Slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro.* So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—i. e. *by destroying Slavery itself.*

An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its Constitutional rights, and perform its Constitutional duty, and "guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union." That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against Slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the City of New York (a sort of sink where the villany of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of *The New York Herald* and *The New York Observer*, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness), they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder emigrants, engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institution," they are familiar with violence and ready and able to murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of Slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day—it may come any time—when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the bark Wanderer and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years, the South has burned alive eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this Hell-fire of Slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The Fire of Vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, Slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the Press, the Market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but I, at least, shall welcome the violent if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North; else why do we honor the heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill. I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in store, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North, I mean, for the logic of Slavery will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. Capt. Brown's expedition was a failure, I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest Slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which Slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the City of Washington while Brown was at work.

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. "For every human heart is human," &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of "the great tree" on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, the American Church damn his soul *with its nasty breath of cursing*: still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the infinitely perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

I suppose you would like to know something about me. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Yours affectionately, Theodore Parker.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXII.

When Isaac went that night to see his wife (who was owned by one of the villagers), she was suprised to find him so silent. At first, Hetty appeared not to notice him, but flourished round the kitchen, manifesting the usual amount of feminine and conjugal contempt; but seeing that Isaac did not observe her, but sat absorbed in himself, she could stand it no longer, and broke out,

"Well, now, *Isic*, what does you call dat 'ar? Come here to see me and jist sets dar like an ole hen on her nest, fur all de world. Yer doesn't see me more 'an two nights out of de week, an' yet yer jist sets dar an' don't speak a word. I'd like to know what company you considers yerself fur me. Ain't I bin all dis day a-hurryin' thro' my work, so as to git a bit o' chance to talk 'long wi' you when you come? I kan't see no use in yer comin' here at all, if dat is de best you ken do. Now, jist look at yerself, will you? You is old enough, an' big enough, an' ugly an' black enough, to know how to behave yerself when you comes to see yer wife. You never brings me anything, not so much as an apple or a cake. What 'comes of yer money now? I knows you makes some. You needn't deny it to me, but you takes mighty good kere to keep it all to yerself; do you hear dat, Isaac?"

While saying this, she had been, all the time, busy in preparing the supper, pausing every two or three moments to use her arms and hands in gesticulation. Receiving no answer from Isaac, she burst out in a louder tone,

"No, you is not de man to take kere of yer own. I gits no money 'cept what Grace makes, and she, agin my will, sings an' dances in front of dat tavern, an' white men flings her money, an' I takes it from her."

This roused Isaac.

"What! does my gal sing an' dance before dat tavern? I never hearn dis afore. Let me ketch her at dat an' I'll take de very hide off her. She had better be after her work. Look a here, Hetty, I doesn't want to hear no more of dis. Dat gal is a smart gal. I knows she is black; I knows she is a slave; but den she is *my chile*, fur all dat, an' I ain't gwine to have her a-singin' songs an' dancin' in front o' public houses."

Isaac had risen and stood facing his wife.

"An' what is yer gwine to do to help it, if I says she may?" Hetty's eyes were glaring upon her spouse in the most *unconjugal* manner.

"Why, why"—Isaac drew closer and closer to her, and, laying his hand heavily upon her shoulder, said, "why, I'd knock her an' you both in de head."

"We don't b'long to you; we b'longs to master; we ain't yer niggers; we b'longs to them folks in de house."

"Psha! Hetty, you pesters me when I'm in trouble; you ain't no wife to help yer ole man, to feel sorry fur him when he is in misery; you jist quarrels wid me an' makes me more miserable."

The supper, which the white people were waiting for in the house, was forgotten; dishes were set down, temper was quenched, and Hetty came close to the side of her husband, with a different expression of countenance, and said, in an altogether softened and faltering tone of voice,

"Isaac, I didn't mean a word o' all dis here I has bin a sayin'; I was only riled up. Forgit it, Isaac, an' tell me if anything troubles yer. What's de matter? Has yer white folks bin hard on yer? Don't you git 'long well at de blacksmithing? I hearn 'em say you was doin' well."

"So I is doin' well."

"Den you won't be 'stressed 'bout me. Now, Isaac, you oughtn't to mind me when I'm mad; you knows I ain't myself. But den I wants to try to aggravate you, bekase I doesn't like to have you seem as ef you didn't kere 'bout talkin' 'long wi' me. Grace has been a-givin' me a sight o' trouble; dat chile is rale smart, an' she shows herself too much in front o' dat tavern. Now, I switched her well an' tuck de money frum her; but she's bin at it agin; I kan't send her to de pump fur water but she stops dar; an' if one o' 'em traders gits his eyes sot on her, she is clean gone, an' dat would kill me. I has seen too many o' my chillen sole down de river. I kan't bar to see dis last one go. Somethin' is gwine on in de house; strange men comes here an' walks round an' looks at things. S'pose we is all to be sole, an' I sent away frum you, bekase we'd go straight down de river ef we was."

"Hetty, you is too easy skeered, an' allers thinks de worst is gwine to happen, but I'se got a good friend, an' he said to day, if I'd sarve him, I shouldn't suffer."

"Who is he?"

"Mas'er Sharpe."

"What, Isaac, John Sharpe? Whew! whew! I doesn't b'lieve in him no more 'an I do in a spider. He is jist a-spinnin' his web round you, an' he'll ketch you jist as de spider ketches a fly; I wouldn't trus' him, Isaac; now you mind my words."

At this juncture of the conversation Grace came in.

"Laws, mammy, ain't de supper ready? White folks waitin' fur it, an' ole miss is in orful hurry. How d'ye, pappy?"

"Come here, Grace," said Isaac; "tell me where you got dem red beads dat's roun' yer neck?"

"A man gib 'em to me fur singin'."

He caught hold of the strand with a quick jerk; the thread snapped and the beads went spinning and whirling over the brick floor.

"Now, dat's what I'll do wid all sich trumpery you gits. Let me hear o' yer singin' at de tavern agin, an' I'll take de skin off yer back an' de blood out o' yer body. Stop, don't be a-pickin' up dem beads; let 'em lay dar an' be stamped to pieces."

The child began to cry, but the angry mother here put in her threat.

"Yes, Grace, I has bin a-telling yer pappy how you does, an' he ain't no ways pleased wid yer; he wants you to keep away from dat tavern, jist as I has bin a-tellin' yer, but yer won't mind me; yer thinks yer knows best. Never mind now 'bout cryin' over them beads; if yer don't mind, you'll cry wusser 'an dat when white folks sells yer."

"Who's gwine to sell me?" inquired Grace, as she stopped gathering the beads and looked up inquiringly into her mammy's face.

"Hush, Hetty, stop yer tantalizin' dat gal; send yer supper in to de white folks, an' let Grace 'lone; you ken keep her frum gwine to taverns widout all de time tormentin' of her wid what you doesn't know *is* gwine to happen. Come here, Grace, an' give yer ole pappy a bus."

Thus addressed, the child sprang upon her father's knee, threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Now, git down, puss," said the father, "an' go to yer work; take de white folks' supper in de house; don't be hurt bekase pappy broke yer beads; when I gits some money, I'll buy you a puttier string of 'em den dat was. Go, now, 'bout yer work."

She slid down from his knee and, with a pleasant smile, took the dishes from her mother and went into the house.

When the supper had been fairly dished up, and they were quite alone, Hetty drew her stool close to her "old man's" side.

"Now, Isaac, what is dis plan between you an' dat John Sharpe?"

"I'se mos' 'fraid to tell yer, Hetty, bekase I fears you is sort o' loose-tongued."

"I ain't, not a bit, an', moreover, I'se not gwine to tell anything as'll bring you into trouble. Come, now, you mout as well tell me."

"Ken I trus' yer, Hetty?" He fixed his eyes fast upon her. He turned her face so that the blaze of the wood fire in the wide chimney shone full upon it. He seemed to search every feature, almost to penetrate the flesh and reach down to the heart.

"Yes," he added emphatically; "yes, I'll trus' you dis time anyhow."

"*You ken.*"

"Wal, den, John Sharpe b'lieves dat dar is a runaway hid in Rachel's cab'n, an' wants me to look him out an' tell him."

Hetty's hand was on Isaac's arm.

"What! not Rachel de seamster?"

"Yes, dat one."

"An' you ain't gwine to do it fur no John Sharpe."

"I has promised him."

"Well, you shan't; bekase I am 'termined no harm shall come to Rachel, if I ken help it. Why, Isaac, has yer done forgot how she nursed me when I had cholery? Ain't I hearn de doctor say many times, if it hadn't bin fur her, I'd died, bekase all my white people had done run off to de country, an' none o' de niggers 'bout would kum to me; an' didn't she send me things, lint an' ile, when my poor boy got burnt? and didn't she cry 'long wi' me when my chillen was sole down de river? No, now, I tell yer, Isaac, I ain't gwine to set idle by an' see trouble come to dat 'ooman; she is good enough lookin' and knows enough to be white, an' I has hearn dat dar is dem dat keres fur her as is de fust here; an' if you goes to troublin' her, I hope dem dat is rich an' strong an' likes her will be arter yer."

"Does yer wish it agin me?"

"You has no bisness puttin' yerself in sich ugly work. Kan't you 'tend to yer own matters, an' let de 'ooman alone? She's done nothin' to you."

"But if I sarves John Sharpe, he'll help me along to gittin' my freedom, he said he would."

"No bad work o' dat kind is gwine to help yer to yer freedom, I ken tell yer. De devil is in dat 'ar, an' he never helps you to freedom. I'd rader be a slave all my days 'an bring harm to a poor 'ooman, an' one dat had sarved me an' my chillen too."

Isaac did not reply, but sat with his head drooping on his breast. Hetty sighed heavily, and clasped her hands over her knees, while her eyes scanned the fire. The little low-roofed, brick-floor kitchen was dusky and still; only the flickering blaze of the firelight, every now and then darting into a blaze, then fading out, shed light upon them.

[Conclusion of chapter next week.]

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